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DECEMBER 19, 1955



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GOVERNOR COLLINS

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VOL. LXVI NO. 25

# GRACE LINE



A FASCINATING VARIETY OF SIGHTS AWAITS YOU ON A GRACE LINE CRUISE

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*Grace "Santas" are especially designed for tropical cruising . . . all rooms outside, each with private bath . . . light, airy dining rooms . . . outdoor tiled swimming pools. Twelve Day Caribbean Cruises in the luxurious "Santa Rosa" and "Santa Paula." Also 16-18 Day Caribbean Cruises on modern cargo-passenger "Santas." Sailings from New York every Friday. See your Travel Agent or Grace Line, 3 Hanover Square, New York.*

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GRACE

LINE



# B.F. Goodrich



## Shower curtain for an acid bath

### *A typical example of B.F. Goodrich product development*

THEY turn out 360 shiny automobile bumpers an hour by running them through tanks like this. They are being sprayed with acid for cleaning, then dipped in copper, nickel and chrome.

But each of these steps takes a different chemical—acids that would eat through steel or other tank walls, and stop production for costly repairs.

All sorts of lining materials were tried to protect the steel, but nothing could stand up against all these acids until Koroseal came along. Koroseal is

a flexible material, developed by B. F. Goodrich, that can stand practically all acids. It was used to line all the tanks in the system, and is working perfectly. No leaks, no repairs, no delays in production.

Today, there are thousands of applications in industry where Koroseal tank linings, belting, hose, tubing, and gaskets are doing jobs better, for less money, than was ever possible before with other materials. Besides resisting most acids, B. F. Goodrich Koroseal stands just about everything else that

ruins most materials; and it is permanently waterproof.

You can be sure of top performance and real money savings when you buy industrial products—made of Koroseal or rubber—from your B. F. Goodrich distributor. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Department M-518, Akron 18, Ohio.

Koroseal—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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**INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS**  
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*Mallory helps the appliance industry put automatic servants  
to work for mother . . . easing time-consuming household tasks . . .  
giving more of her time to her family*

**T**HAT NEW appliance for mother is far more than a gift for her. It's a family affair. For when her burdensome chores are lightened . . . when she is unhurried, unworried and rested . . . there's always more fun for everyone in the house.

Mallory has an unseen but vital hand in this happier state of family affairs because precision-built Mallory timer switches make possible automatic operation of dishwashers, clothes dryers and home laundry machines.

Wherever you are in your house, chances are a Mallory-made component is serving you—contacts, controls, capacitors in refrigerators . . . other components in radio, TV, furnace thermostat controls, toasters, mixers and air conditioners.

Mallory's contribution in the home is important but little known. It is important in industry, too, and widely recognized, particularly in the fields spurring the Nation's economic progress—nucleonics, automotive, aviation, electronics, automation, others. Mallory engineering ability and precision products in electronics, electrochemistry and specialized metallurgy serve them well.

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*New York Life's new low-premium  
WHOLE LIFE coverage gives your  
family face amount protection of  
at least \$10,000 now—assures  
funds for their education, home,  
careers—or your own retirement!*

Now you can assure your family enough cash to help realize their most important hopes for the future—without sacrificing living standards today.

The \$10,000 minimum face amount of this new Whole Life policy makes economies possible which are passed on to you in lower premiums—premiums that will fit easily into almost any young married couple's budget. At the same time, the generous face amount can provide sufficient funds to keep the home in the family if you should die... or help the children get their education... or start them out on their careers.

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builds high cash values that can provide immediate money for an emergency. And at retirement age, if you've kept your policy in force it can pay you a *monthly income for life!* Ask your New York Life agent about Whole Life now—or mail the coupon.

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Whole Life is especially attractive from a net cost viewpoint. It is issued to age 70 and is usually available at higher rates to persons who cannot qualify for insurance at standard rates due to health or occupation.

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THIS IS NATIONAL STEEL

## How to Move More Freight with Fewer Cars—

Here's how an amazing idea in steel solves the problem  
of inadequate flooring in railroad cars...

**U**ntil National Steel developed Nailable Steel Flooring, there was no answer to a serious problem of America's railroads.

Floor failures were causing freight damage. As a result, many cars were being rejected by the shippers as un-

suitable for safe transportation of their freight.

Old-fashioned car floorings were limiting use of mechanical loading equipment. Rising labor costs and loss of revenue during repairs were posing serious threats. Then, in 1947,

National Steel found the positive solution.

It was Nailable Steel Flooring.

Its strength is steel!

Nailable Steel Flooring is made of strong, corrosion-resistant N-A-X HIGH-





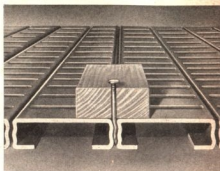
Nailable Steel Flooring is ideal for finished freight that must be tightly secured by blocks that are nailed into place. Nailable Steel Flooring's unique design permits loads to be blocked and then nailed right to it.



Nailable Steel Flooring is equally right for loose bulk freight such as grain. The self-sealing filler between the steel channels maintains a smooth, tight floor that prevents the leakage of fine bulk loads.



N-S-F keeps the car in service even under the hardest usage—withstands the strain and pounding of mechanical loading devices with the impact resistance and the strength of steel.



Nailable Steel Flooring is made of low-alloy N-A-X HIGH-TENSILE steel formed into channels and welded together to form a unique nailing groove. The nail is clinched in a tight grip of steel.

TENSILE steel formed into channels and welded together to form a unique nailing groove.

Nails are clinched in a tight grip of steel to hold blocking firmly in place, yet can be readily removed without damage to the floor.

#### Look at these advantages!

Nailable Steel Flooring is a dependable, trouble-free surface that withstands repeated nailings and affords the best possible security for all kinds of freight. In addition, unlike other flooring, it actually adds strength at critical points of the car structure.

N-S-F withstands the strain and pounding of mechanical loading devices because of the greater impact- and wear-resistance of N-A-X HIGH-TEN-

SILE steel, and it can be used to carry both loose bulk freight and blocked finished freight!

As a result, N-S-F improves car supply and reduces operating costs. A gondola, for example, that carries rough freight one way, is available to carry finished freight on its return.

#### National's role

In the few years since the introduction of Nailable Steel Flooring, more than 40,000 boxcars and gondolas equipped with N-S-F have been put into service or are on order by 60 leading American railroads.

The development of N-S-F by our Stran-Steel Corporation is just another example of National Steel making better steels for the better products of American industry.

At National Steel it is our constant goal to produce steel—America's great bargain metal—of the quality and in the quantity wanted, when it is wanted, at the lowest possible cost to our customers.



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NATIONAL STEEL  
GRANT BUILDING



CORPORATION  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

# LETTERS

## Man of the Year

Sir: Why not break your excellent habit of nominating a well-known person and put a world-forgotten person like me on your cover? It is not because I am interesting, but I have the idea it will be an attraction if you nominate an unknown world citizen who has had, until now, bad luck. I am Dutch, 51 years of age, of French descent. J. CHR. BRUNET DE ROCHEBRUNE Montevideo, Uruguay

Sir: Harlow H. Curtice of General Motors: symbol and epitome of American industry. He has the vision, the courage, the initiative and the spirit that make business a success and Americans' magnificent production a reality.

HECTOR RABEZANA

Fenton, Mich.

Sir: The men of the year: Bulganin and Khrushchev. These two poison ivy twins of deceit and doublecross inaugurated their diabolical crusade at the Summit with their blandishments of sweetness and avowal for peace.

B. K. FRANK

Portland, Ore.

Sir: Dr. Jonas Salk. Millions yet unborn will benefit by his discovery.

SIDNEY HAAS

Cleveland

Sir: The man is Johnny Podres! JACK LAMB

Memphis

Sir: Novelist William Faulkner—that lover of individualism and privacy.

GERALD N. WINN

Chicago

## The Speculators

Sir: The Bulganin-Khrushchev tour of India [Nov. 28] suggests two prospective proprietors looking over a farm, accompanied by Real Estate Broker Nehru.

JAMES R. BAILEY

Winter Park, Fla.

## The Fund for the Republic

Sir: Boiled down, what you say about the Fund for the Republic [Nov. 28] means that its \$15 million is being thrown in big chunks to Utopian-minded eggheads who are greatly concerned about our civil liberties but are not concerned about stopping Communism.

WALDO LOCHRIDGE

Coral Gables, Fla.

Sir: You prove nothing when you assert that Robert Hutchins is no more Communist-minded than Adams or Burke. You could have included Columbus or Pocahontas in your list too. Hutchins has made the Fund a kind of fund for the American Nightmare!

CLYDE K. RICH

Brigadier General, U.S.A.F. (Ret.) Tucson, Ariz.

Sir: Mr. Hutchins is a hell of a good man. I guess things are not too bad when a man like him is allowed to do some good.

L. THIERS

Chicago

Sir: I note that Fund President Hutchins has confused liberty with license, is the "ponderous pixie" who uses endowment for current whims. Who not endorse the study of the love life of lefthanded caterpillars? That would do no harm and would give employment to plenty of pixies.

MILTON W. BROWN

Cincinnati

## Profits & Prophets (Contd.)

Sir: Being on the cover of TIME [Nov. 21] is, I find, quite a responsibility! Already I have heard from dozens of people about the story; it is one of the most comprehensive and penetrating pieces which have appeared about our business.

KEITH FUNSTON

President

New York Stock Exchange New York City

## Israel & Islam

Sir: Nothing points up the pro-Arab bias of Time more than the brief letter by Nasser [Nov. 28], in which he expresses

his "admiration for the article dealing with the Egyptian revolution." In the same issue you publish an anti-American-Jewish piece by William Zukerman [JUSCENENS & PROPHECIES]. Let TIME and Zukerman note that I and a vast number of American Jews are not Zionists, or particularly favorable toward Zionism, but we feel bitterly that Israel is getting a raw deal. Jew or no Jew, in the great American tradition, I am for the underdog.

A. KLEIN

ML. Vernon, N.Y.

Sir: Bah! Who listens to William Zukerman? Jews, Zionists and non-Zionists alike would find his little piece in your magazine a laughable nuisance were there anything for Jews to laugh about right now. The gentile world doesn't understand what it's all about, and believe me, with Christmas and happiness coming on, they don't care.

MRS. MARY BOLOTIN

Los Angeles

Sir: TIME may have its blind spots, but the Middle East is not one of them. And this is especially refreshing at a time when so many otherwise well-intentioned and well-informed publications are cajoled or cowed into confusion on the Arab-Israel issue. So congratulations for your courageous reprinting of the little Jewish Newsletter's editorial exposing Zionist hysteria.

DOROTHEA SEELYE FRANCK

Washington, D.C.

Sir: This anti-Semitic Jewish representative of a splinter group of local Jewry is in no way qualified to pass judgment on the natural facts now possessing the overwhelming majority of Jews, who are proud of Israel.

THOMAS MYERS, M.D.

Huntington Park, Calif.

Sir: The views of the Jewish Newsletter are not conventional and not frequently heard by the readers of the large-circulation journals. Your reproduction was, therefore, particularly appreciated by me and by our Editorial Advisory Board.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

Editor

Jewish Newsletter

New York City

## Philadelphia's New Mayor

Sir: While resting down in this beautiful spot, I was able to purchase your Nov. 21 edition, and immediately wanted to express my appreciation of the extremely fair, complimentary article which it carried on the Philadelphia election. It has been a long, eight-year struggle, and it was a great satisfaction to finally crash through. I am most fortunate to succeed an excellent mayor, and to inherit a fine team of administrators. We hope to keep the old city moving forward.

RICHARDSON DILWORTH

Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I.

## Vivid & Exciting

Sir: The Julie Harris piece [Nov. 28] is brilliant—the most vivid and exciting, not to say the best-written estimate of an actress I've read in years and years.

RICHARD MANEY

New York City

Sir: For a long time I've hated your cruelty against mediocrity. After all, mediocrity is the common denominator of human beings;

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what can they do about it? But on reading your article on Julie Harris, I have to deeply admire your humbleness in front of greatness. In describing Miss Harris' human weaknesses, you don't use sarcasm; instead, you write about them with a sort of, shall we say, reluctant reverence.

WILLIAM RUNNELS

Chicago

Sir:

Congratulations—or something—for your cover of Julie Harris as Joan of Arc, by Henry Koerner as Paul Cézanne—quite a tour de force for one set of four-color plates.

ALLAN HARRISON

New York City

Sir:

What does Julie Harris think of the Koerner cover?

JOHN N. HIGGINS

Brooklyn

¶ She likes it.—Ed.

### The Russian Master

Sir:

Oistrakh "A Master" [Nov. 28]? Please, no restrictions, Oistrakh is the master.

LOUISE M. BEAUCHEMIN

Montreal

Sir:

Why do you guys always criticize talented American boys like Liberace and praise Commies like Oistrakh?

J. ADAMS

New York City

### Reborn Industry

Sir:

In the Nov. 14 issue you ran an item on Willy Messerschmitt and his production of planes as well as nonmilitary items such as sewing machines. Since we have just introduced the Messerschmitt automatic sewing machine under the brand name Bell-Messerschmitt "Magnematic" into the U.S. market, we were most interested in seeing the article, but disturbed at your implication that the Augsburg plant, which produces the machines, was being converted to plane production.

BERNICE SLAFF

Sales Promotion Manager

Bell Portable Sewing Machine Corp.

Jersey City

¶ TIME should have made clear that Messerschmitt's Augsburg plant consists of four different factories; three will produce planes, the fourth sewing machines.—Ed.

### Swamp Notes

Sir:

I am utterly frustrated by "gyascutus, prock, tree squeak and swamp gaboon" [Nov. 28]. You frequently footnote less esoteric phrases. Please elucidate.

DENIS E. COGGIN

Westfield, Mass.

¶ Shame on Reader Coggin for not recognizing such denizens of U.S. folklore. The gyascutus (stone-eating variety) resembles the prock, or sidehill sauger, insofar as its telescopic legs enable it to graze easily on steep hill-sides; it is unrelated, however, to the tree squeak and swamp gaboon (both offshoots of the lowly whangdoodle group), but it does claim a sort of Pilgrim kinship to the English slithy toves and borogoves.—Ed.





You choose the warmth you like best, on the G-E Bedside Control. Through the magic of *Sleep-Guard*, you'll stay just that warm all night. (If the temperature drops, *more* warmth is supplied. If it rises, *less* warmth is provided.) This comfort control takes place automatically.



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**Economy, Convenience!** One G-E Blanket is all your bed needs; bedmaking's easier! Custom-Contoured corners are designed with ample "give" between corners for plenty of foot room... Automatic Blanket and Fan Dept., Small Appliance Division, General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.



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New low prices from \$34.95\*

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**Washable, shrink-resistant, mothproof.**



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Light enough to leave on your bed all summer, yet effective enough for winter coziness, too. Featherweight textured mothproof fabric, with famous *Sleep-Guard* system. Fine for wool-allergy sufferers, apartment house or mild-climate dwellers. From \$27.95\*

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TIME, DECEMBER 19, 1955

## PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

THIS week, I want to tell you about  
TIME-Reader Liza Bales Moore,  
pretty 15-year-old neighbor of TIME  
Advertising Salesman Wallace Lawder  
in Winnetka, a pleasant suburb of  
Chicago. Liza has two sisters, Molly,  
12, and Nora, 8, and two nine-year-old  
Siamese cats named King and Caliph.  
When she was twelve, Liza did so  
poorly in her Current Events class  
that her father, M. De Witt Moore,  
an industrial engineer, and her moth-  
er, both thorough readers of TIME  
all the 23 years of their marriage,  
were somewhat embarrassed. "In Cur-  
rent Events," said Mrs. Moore, "Liza  
was practically illiterate."

So Mrs. Moore started Liza reading  
TIME stories aloud (sometimes helping  
with the hard words). To what her  
daughter's interest, Mrs. Moore sug-  
gested a hobby: Liza would read the  
cover stories, compose a letter and  
send it with the cover picture to the  
subject for an autograph. Now, three  
years later, Liza has just about the  
finest collection of autographed TIME  
covers extant. Statesmen, churchmen,  
industrialists, movie stars and even  
the famous race horse, Native Dancer

LIZA AND AUTOGRAPHED COVERS

(according to Owner Alfred Gwynne  
Vanderbilt), were charmed by Liza's  
newly letters about the busy Moore  
family of Winnetka.

Wrote Senator Clifford Case (TIME,  
Oct. 18, 1954): "May I tell you how  
much I enjoyed reading your letter  
and hearing about your very nice fam-  
ily, as well as about King and Caliph?"  
Heinz Nordhoff (TIME, Feb. 15, 1954)  
sent Liza plastic models of his Volks-  
wagen cars and a big picture book on  
Germany with his autograph. "And he  
sent it all air mail, too," Liza ex-  
claimed. "It cost him \$81!" One of  
Liza's favorites is the golden signature  
of Queen Frederika of Greece (TIME,  
Oct. 26, 1953). "I think it is neat  
that I got a real Queen!" says Liza  
happily.

As a result of her TIME reading,  
Liza, currently a tenth-grader, is one  
of the best-informed students at New  
Trier High School. Proudly her moth-  
er says: "Liza is so well educated now  
that it's amazing. Not that I'd take  
anything away from her teachers and  
the schools, but TIME did a better job  
of making things interesting as well as  
informative."

Cordially yours,

*James A. Linen*

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## IN THIS AMAZING NEW AIRPLANE

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... then drive back down to the ground! Have complete control on take-off and landing. Easier to turn and park than an automobile! Land-O-Matic gear lets you be "less than perfect" on landings and still get down safely. NOW, IT'S EASY TO LEARN TO "DRIVE" YOUR OWN AIRPLANE.....



1. "Let's see—everything is O. K.—all do is release the brake.



5. "Up-si-daisy! Just ease back on the wheel and 'drive' right off the ground.



6. "Look how stable it is up here. You just 'drive' it around the sky.



7. "Time to go down? Just down with the flaps ... and cut down on the gas.

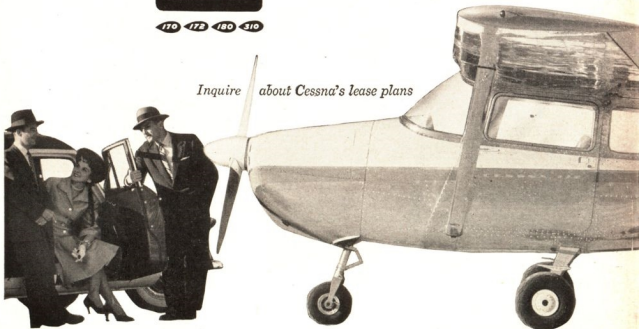
# ALL-NEW CESSNA 172...with new

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2. "Gee...as easy as driving a car around the field. You steer with your feet.



3. "And it turns on a 'dime'... See! This'll be easier to park than a car.



4. "Here we go!... no trouble at all to hold it straight down the runway.



8. "Nothing to it... just like coasting down a hill in your car.



9. "Oops—came in a little high and fast that time. But don't worry...

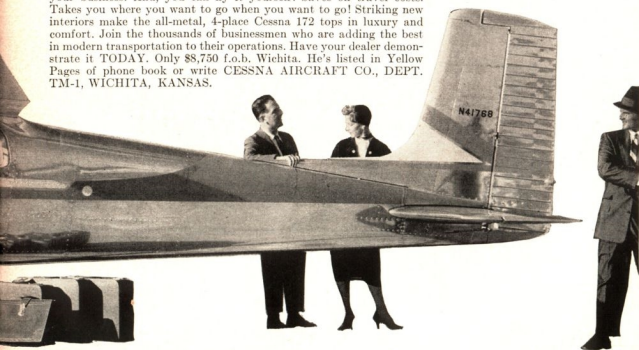


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THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

# CHANEL

TIME, DECEMBER 19, 1955

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### The Boom's Balance

Three times during the week U.S. Budget Director Rowland Hughes, a thick folder tucked under his arm, hurried out of Washington to meet with the President of the U.S. In the folder was a sheaf of legal-sized paper covered with the type-written words and figures of the Government's budgetmaking. At the end of one set of papers there was a historic estimate: the U.S. budget, for the current fiscal year ending June 30, will balance.

Only three times in the last 26 years has the Federal Government spent no more than it took in.\* A balance this year would fulfill one of the Republican Party's most cherished campaign promises. More than that, it would be another sign that the U.S., after a quarter of a century of depression and war, is moving back onto sounder fiscal footing.

**The Key Reason.** The year's fiscal realities will exceed the hopes. Last January, when the 1955-56 budget was sent to Congress, expenditures were estimated at \$62.4 billion and receipts at \$60 billion, leaving a deficit of \$2.4 billion. Both estimates were too low. Defense expenditures for the year (at \$34.5 billion) will be some \$500 million above the estimate; some other expenses, e.g., the cost of supporting farm prices, have gone up. Anticipated expenditures now stand at \$64 billion. But revenue has gone up even more, now is expected to hit approximately the same figure. If the year's income for Social Security funds is included, the ledgers next June 30 are expected to show an actual cash surplus of some \$2 billion.

Behind the figures, it is not hard to find the reason for the balance: it is the flourishing U.S. economy. In January the budgeteers were betting on a U.S. personal income of \$298,500,000,000 and corporation profits of \$38.5 billion during 1955. Now the estimates have gone up to \$303 billion in personal income and \$43.5 billion in corporation profits, and consequently higher income for the Treasury.

**A Bigger Keystone.** After disposing of these pleasant figures last week, Dwight Eisenhower and his budgetmakers turned to the future. What is the outlook for

fiscal 1957, beginning next July 1? Defense spending, keystone of the whole budget structure, is expected to go up about \$500 million. Despite some demands for an increase to counteract the Soviet Union's new economic warfare, foreign aid is expected to cost about the same (\$2.7 billion), with some shifts in emphasis to meet the new Russian activity. Support for the farmer, expected to



United Press

BUDGETEER HUGHES

\$64 billion question: Who, what, when?

include an expensive new soil-bank plan, will cost more than it does in this fiscal year. But almost every Government department has devised or been prodded to devise economies. As a result, the 1957 budget is expected to go no higher than this year's \$64 billion.

Every sign now indicates that Government income in fiscal 1957 will be at least equal to this fiscal year's total. One important indicator was outlined last week by Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks, who told the National Association of Manufacturers' meeting in Manhattan (see BUSINESS) that business activity in the first half of 1956 will rise to new heights. Weeks' forecast was based on a Commerce Department survey indicating that private capital expenditures for new plants and equipment for the first three months of the year will run at the highest rate in history, 12% above this year. If

business activity and employment make only a moderate rise, total U.S. revenue will go up substantially. Each dollar over \$64 billion will be entered as a big, black addition to a surplus.

**An Inevitable Cut.** With a surplus in sight and elections in the offing, a tax cut will be all but inevitable in 1956. The arguments will be about who should get what kind of tax cut when. Last week the new A.F.L.-C.I.O. union called for a reduction in individual income taxes at lower levels, and an increase in taxes on corporations and their stockholders. On the other hand, the Committee for Economic Development said: "It is the committee's view that all income-tax rates should be reduced, but that a relatively greater percentage reduction in tax should be made in the middle and upper brackets, where extremely high rates are seriously interfering with the incentive to take risks and with the supply and mobility of investment funds."

On Capitol Hill, from the day Congress reconvenes next month, Democrats will push for an increase in the personal exemption from \$600 to \$700. But President Eisenhower's budget message is not likely to contain any specific recommendation for a tax cut. Administration policy, hammered out and approved last week at Gettysburg and Camp David, calls for caution. The Administration will wait to take another look at the situation after April 15, when 1955 tax returns will be in and the first quarter of 1956 business experience can be examined.

The outlook is that in May, the Administration will find prospects for a surplus of from \$1 billion to \$3 billion, and will recommend a tax cut.

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### Down on the Farm

Several times during the week, white-tailed deer ventured in from the hills and copes, were sighted on the edge of the farmland. Muskrats and raccoons invaded the property, too, in search of winter provender. In the gracious house, the lamps were snapped on earlier each day in salute to the sudden evenings, and open fires on the hearth provided a warm welcome after a walk in the frosty outdoors. In the great stone barn there was a steamy, cozy air of expectancy; several of the cows were freshening, and soon the herd of Aberdeen Angus, Holsteins and Brown Swiss would be larger.

In the barn one early evening last week,

\* In the post-World War II fiscal years of 1947 and 1948, when deep cuts in the Truman defense budget resulted in surpluses, and in fiscal 1951, when the Korean war tax increase outpaced defense spending. The last previous year in which the budget balanced was Hoover's fiscal 1930.



the Brown Swiss cow was calving for the first time. A small knot of anxious men stood near by. Farm Manager Ivan Feaster, becoming alarmed at the slow process of birth, raced off to call a veterinarian. He was stopped in his tracks by a shout from the barn: "It's all right, Ivan," yelled Farmer Dwight Eisenhower, "don't bother to call." In the stall, the mother cow licked the quivering body of her offspring, a fine bull calf, while the President of the U.S. looked on in beaming approval.

For President Eisenhower, life on the farm was deeply and obviously satisfying. But as the days grew shorter, Ike's time was given over more and more to the burdens of office. Last week the President put in his longest single day of work since

## Amber Light

One afternoon last week, President Eisenhower motored down to Washington from his Gettysburg retreat for his monthly physical checkup. Since the third week of convalescence from his heart attack, the President's doctors had reported nothing but cheerful news and steady progress, and Ike, in an ebullient mood, had every reason to expect another green light. Instead, after a two-hour examination at Walter Reed Army Hospital, the doctors flashed a caution signal. The President, they said, was showing signs of fatigue. His heart may be slightly enlarged. The period of convalescence would be extended, and for the next few

grams "show residual abnormalities as a result of the scar in the heart muscle." The abnormalities "remain stable as is expected at this stage in the healing process. This stability is a desirable finding. The scar in the heart-muscle wall appears to be firm and of moderate size. Fluoroscopic examination indicates that the heart beat is good . . . The heart shadow, compared with films that were made in prior years and with those that have been made since the acute attack developed, shows no significant evidence of enlargement."

In the flood of questions that followed the report, Snyder and Army Doctor Thomas W. Mattingly took great pains to explain the unfamiliar terms. The "abnormalities" on the President's heart were actually normal aftereffects of any heart attack, like the scar tissue that covers a burn. In describing the heart attack as acute after they had always called it moderate, the doctors referred to the suddenness, not the degree, of the thrombosis. The scar itself measured about four-fifths of an inch, and was "average" for the type of attack. While the heart may have increased in size, Snyder said, it was "hardly demonstrable by the X-ray films."

**Two More Months.** Snyder agreed that Ike had suffered "a little fatigue," as the newsmen suspected, on some busy days recently. He had tried to slow the President down, Snyder admitted (see above), and the presidential work load would certainly be "lightened a little over the next few weeks." One of the doctors' orders, which had been violated last week and would be rigidly re-enforced: Ike's midday break of 2½ hours for lunch and a nap. The changed tone of the report seemed to reflect the doctors' annoyance with Ike and his associates for a faster pace of work than they had recommended at this time.

Should the President deliver his State of the Union Message to Congress next month in person? Said Snyder: "I shouldn't think so." Then, emphasizing that he was speaking only for himself, Dr. Snyder recommended that Ike postpone any decision on running again until mid-February.

## DEMOCRATS

### The Marksmen

Adlai Stevenson's aim was true last week: at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger convention his speech was right on target; later, at a Manhattan luncheon, he hit the bull's eye in the form of nearly \$100,000 in pledges for his preconvention campaigning; on a visit to Arkansas, he got his limit in mallards.

Arriving in New York at midweek, Stevenson was soon chin deep in political conferences. Among the conferees were his national campaign manager, James A. Finnegan of Philadelphia, Eleanor Roosevelt, Liberal Party Leader Alex Rose, Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr., and onetime Air Force Secretary Thomas K. Finletter, who is heading a Stevenson-



HUMPHREY, EISENHOWER, NIXON & DULLES AT CAMP DAVID  
The days grew shorter, the workdays grew longer.

his illness, and the problems he faced became more vexing.

Twice during the week Ike motored through the frosty Catocin Mountains to Camp David to confer with his Cabinet and other officials. There were many pressing items on the agenda: reconciling the needs of Defense Secretary Wilson's military establishment with the economies of Treasury Secretary Humphrey's all-but-balanced budget, the simmering farm problem of Agriculture Secretary Benson, the changing international situation, the State of the Union message. At one of the Camp David meetings, the discussions went on for so long that Presidential Physician Howard Snyder finally stalked into the conference room and ordered a lunch-break so that his patient could get some rest. While the meetings went on inside Laurel Lodge, marines and Secret Service men patrolled the woods, and a Filipino mess boy stood on the porch with the President's hat and coat held in readiness. At the end of his busy week (see below), the President went to Washington for a physical checkup.

weeks, Ike's official activities would be cut back to allow more relaxation and rest.

**One Mild Sedative.** Looked at carefully, the doctors' report was not really so alarming as some newsmen seemed to think. Meeting reporters in the White House office of Press Secretary James Hagerty, Presidential Physician Howard Snyder seemed confident and unworried. Said he: "The President's condition, when examined today, was good. He has felt well and looked well during all these later weeks." Then Snyder ticked off the clinical details: in the eleventh week of his recovery, Ike was sleeping, resting and relaxing satisfactorily; he had used a mild sedative only once since leaving the hospital; his temperature was normal, blood pressure stable, and general circulation excellent. Blood-clotting time remained satisfactory, and blood-sedimentation rate had declined to normal range. The white-corpuse count and serum cholesterol were both normal. Weight and diet were carefully controlled and satisfactory.

Then Snyder startled the reporters by announcing that weekly electrocardio-



for-President committee in New York. By telephone, Stevenson had a "pleasant, friendly chat" with New York's Governor Averell Harriman, a presidential rival. At the Hotel Pierre, some 200 Stevensonsites gathered for a private luncheon, at which Marshall Field was toastmaster. They heard brief talks by Stevenson, Mrs. Roosevelt and Finletter, then pledged nearly \$100,000 for Stevenson's prevention war chest.

**A Boost.** The week's high point came when Stevenson appeared before the A.F.L.-C.I.O. representatives. Wearing a dark blue suit, with a white handkerchief peeking neatly from the breast pocket, Stevenson was in his top form as he accused leading Republicans of conspiring to play the "ugly politics of group conflict and hatred."

"We in this country," said he, "are just emerging from a long and shameful interval of hate and fear and slander. Today, McCarthyism is out of style. I wonder if a similar hate campaign is in the making around distorted images of 'goons' and 'power-hungry labor bosses.'" The unionists roared happily when Stevenson spoke out against the anti-union-shop laws now in force in 18 states (eleven of them in the South). Said Stevenson: "The strengthening of our way of life means, too, making more secure the rights of labor to organize and to bargain collectively—to make democracy work in the plant, in the shop, on the job, in people's daily working lives. The laws must be fair to all, of course: to the workers, to the employers, yes, and to the people too. The so-called right-to-work laws do not meet this test."

Stevenson also won applause with his remarks about civil-rights abuses in the South. Said he: "I've been shocked and shamed by the recent reports of bloody violence and gross intimidation to prevent people from exercising their right, indeed their duty, to vote in one section of the country."

When Stevenson finished, A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany seized the microphone and declared that Stevenson, more able than anyone else, had set forth the hopes and ideals of the merged union. Since Averell Harriman had also spoken to the unionists, it was a clear Meany boost for Stevenson.

**The Drillers.** From New York, Stevenson flew to Greenville, Miss., thence to the rice plantation near Arkansas' Bayou Bartholomew of Dr. J. S. Rushing and Dr. Shade Rushing, dentist brothers who have done well at drilling for oil. Among other guests: Arkansas' Senators William Fulbright and John McClellan, Louisiana's Senator Russell Long, Arkansas' Governor Orval Faubus, and Alabama's Senator John Sparkman, who was Stevenson's 1952 running mate.

Up bright-eyed at 4:30 a.m., Stevenson cloaked himself in a down-filled hunting coat, pulled on waders, took lessons from Fulbright in the use of a duck call, and stood thigh-deep in the water, banging away at the ducks that flew thick over-



DUCK HUNTER STEVENSON  
Four votes lost.

head. After five hours, he had his limit of four mallards, returning to Rushing's five-story hunting lodge crying: "These ducks will never vote again." He refused, however, to pose for pictures holding his shotgun triumphantly aloft. Said he: "Some hunter might say, 'Look at that fool!'"

That afternoon Stevenson went fishing, boated four bass. Next morning it was another go at the ducks, with less success (he had only three shots, missed with two, hit with the other). At week's end Stevenson returned to Chicago—and to a field where the shooting is strictly political.

## PHILANTHROPY

### Christmas Bonus

In faculty rooms, hospital wards and medical schools there was cause for more than the usual seasonal jubilation. This week the Ford Foundation announced that it is making a vast grant to private institutions all over the U.S. and its territories. Its total: \$500 million. The huge Christmas bonus is the largest outlay by a private foundation in the history of philanthropy. It also makes the 20-year-old Ford Foundation—already the pre-eminent U.S. philanthropic organization, worth \$2.5 billion—several light-years ahead of the field.

**Three-Way Split.** The half-billion-dollar melon will be split three ways: 1) \$210 million in grants to 615 privately supported universities and colleges; 2) \$200 million for some 3,500 privately supported hospitals; and 3) \$90 million for privately supported medical schools. The Ford Foundation trustees approved the grant last week at their quarterly meeting in Manhattan. The money will be paid out in two massive installments during the next 18 months, beginning next July.

The colleges, with the largest share of the grant, must be four-year, liberal arts and sciences institutions, regionally accredited. The grants will be in the form of

ten-year endowments, and will be used for one purpose only: to help raise the salaries of teachers. Each college will get a sum equal to this year's faculty payroll. Each college will decide how it will invest its money, and at the end of ten years, the principal may be used in any way the colleges see fit.

Last March (TIME, March 14) the Ford Foundation made a \$50 million salary grant, which was awarded to 126 private colleges and universities that had extended themselves to meet the economic problems of their faculties. This money (not yet distributed) will be added to the grand total. The lucky 126 (which will also get their full share of the added \$210 million) will no longer be required to spend the \$50 million grant on faculty salaries, and may now spend it in any academic way they please.

At the time of the original \$50 million grant, Henry Ford II, chairman of the board of trustees,\* explained the foundation's munificence and its concern with the problem of America's underpaid teachers. "In the opinion of the foundation's trustees," he said, "private and corporate philanthropy can make no better investment than in helping American education at its base—the quality of its teaching. Nowhere are the needs of the private colleges more apparent than in the matter of faculty salaries."

**25-Bed Floor.** The hospital grants may not be used to reduce operating deficits, must fulfill at least one of three objectives: 1) improvement of, or addition to, facilities and services; 2) additions to, or training of, personnel; 3) research. In order to qualify for a grant, each hospital must be listed by the American Hospital Association, and must submit evidence that it is tax-exempt. Institutions with 25 adult beds or more may qualify, so long as they serve the general public. The amount of each individual grant will be based on degree of usefulness to the community, as measured in patient-days of service and number of births (newborn babies are not counted as hospital patients). The grants will range from \$10,000 to \$500,000 per institution.

The \$90 million grant to medical schools will be in the form of endowments, to help strengthen the instruction of medical students. "Unless the increasing financial needs of medical education are met," says the foundation's announcement, "the present high standards of medical training in the U.S. will undoubtedly be lowered. Funds urgently needed to improve the teaching in medical schools are generally unavailable or inadequate."

\* Commenting on the much-debated activities of the Fund for the Republic, an autonomous child of the Ford Foundation (TIME, Nov. 28), Ford wrote in a letter last week: "Some of its [the Fund's] actions, I feel, have been dubious in character and inevitably have led to charges of poor judgment. What effect my comments may have remains to be seen. I am satisfied, however, that no public trust can expect to fulfill its responsibilities if it does not respond to intelligent and constructive public criticism."



BRAHMAN CATTLE AT BARTOW

Tampa Tribune



WORLD'S BIGGEST NYLON PLANT:

## FLORIDA

### A Place in the Sun

(See Cover)

"This country," said General William Tecumseh Sherman, meaning Florida, "is not worth a damn."\* Naturalist John James Audubon reported: "All that is not mud, mud, mud is sand, sand, sand." As of today, Sherman is wrong and Audubon is for the birds.

Florida, as any poolside statistician will confirm, is worth more every minute. Its present boom, five years old and picking up speed by the month, is no crazy-house of lot options. Governor Roy Collins says: "Florida stands on three sturdy legs. Tourism. Industry. Agriculture. The ultimate potential of all three has hardly been sighted, but all three must grow and thrive together, or none can survive."

The common denominator of the three is the equable and reliable Florida sun, a priceless asset in a nation whose countless blessings do not, in its more populous regions, include a kindly climate. The sun draws tourists—5,000,000 this year, compared with half a million Americans who went to Europe. Some of the tourists stay as farmers or workers, and more would like to. Industry wants to go where workers, in this age of skilled-labor shortage, want to be. Two years ago, when Chemstrand Corp. opened its \$88 million nylon plant (largest in the world) at Pensacola, it got 65,000 applications for 3,000 jobs, and most of them came from the hardest-to-get categories, such as chemists and engineers.

"The Whole State's Jumping." Out of the once-despised Florida mud and sand come annual crops of ever-increasing value. In the last five years, Florida

frozen-orange-juice production has increased 58%, while California's has dropped 16%. Cattle raising has expanded. From beneath the mud and sand have come other unsuspected riches—some as common as phosphate, some as fashionable as titanium.

As a result of the sun-made boom, Florida is the fastest growing state east of the Rocky Mountains. Items:

¶ Since 1950, its population has grown from 2,800,000 to 4,000,000, advancing the state from 20th to 14th in population. If present rates of growth continue, Florida by 1960 will have 5,000,000 people, rank as the eighth U.S. state. Sixty percent of Floridians were born elsewhere.

¶ Since 1940, total individual income of Americans has risen 263%; Florida individual income is up 441%.

¶ Since 1946, U.S. industrial activity has increased 10.8%; Florida's is up 50.1%.

Mere figures, no matter how startling, cannot convey an adequate idea of the seismic social, political, economic and geographical changes that have come over Florida's face. "It's real crazy," a Florida State coed said one day last week in Tallahassee. "Things are happening. I keep asking people about it and they don't know how to explain it, but they go home for a weekend and find a new factory where there used to be an empty lot, or maybe 200 houses where there was a golf course. The whole state's jumping."

From Grove to Atom. Roy Collins, a middle-of-the-road Democrat who presides over this most active and restless of states, is one of the most interesting and effective governors in the U.S. today. He has his roots deep in the restful Old South. Although he is only 46, he grew up in a Florida as different from today's as the pinewoods around his native Tallahassee are from the palmy patios of the Miami Beach hotels. The Florida he remembers meant the jolt of a single-barreled shotgun on his shoulder and a

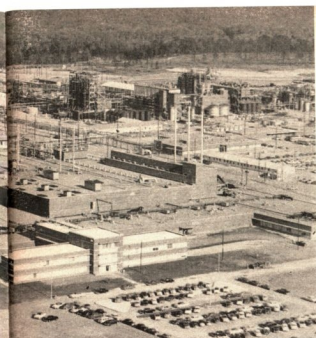
bobwhite dropping through the yellow winter sunlight at the edge of a slash-pine grove. Or a 15-lb. turkey gobbler hurtling into a charge of No. 6 shot, and then falling through the Spanish moss on the oaks onto the dry palmettos below. Or the catfish, at his grandfather Brandon's farm, that stole his bait, sneaking off to its lair. Or how hot it was picking corn in the August sun.

Neither he nor Florida has left all that behind. The new Florida exists around, inside, over and under the old. Roy Collins these days walks to the governor's office from a stately old Tallahassee home, "The Grove," that has been in his wife's family for five generations; it was built in the 1820s by Governor Richard Keith Call, twice the territorial governor of Florida, the great-grandfather of the present governor's lady, Mary Call Darby Collins.

On the way, Roy Collins usually stops, as he did as a young lawyer 20 years ago, at a drugstore for coffee and a chat with the same friends he found there then. Once at his desk, Collins has to deal not only with today's Florida but with tomorrow's. He may have to attend a meeting of an agency that he sponsored, the Florida Development Credit Corp., to encourage the state's 234 banks to pool credit for new industries. Or he may hear, as he did recently, a report that a certain national corporate giant, deeply involved in atomic-energy development, is looking for a plant site in a town with a university atmosphere. That report sent Collins, an indefatigable salesman of his state boom, off to New York in a hurry.

Day after day, he deals calmly and skillfully with Florida politics, which carries into the atomic age the miasmic mist and the alligator snap of the deepest Florida swamp. The job keeps him busy. The other day, his 13-year-old daughter Mary Call asked him, "What's a lieutenant governor?" (the office does not exist in

\* A geographical judgement not to be confused with an observation by one of Sherman's fellow officers. Said General Phil Sheridan: "If I owned Texas and Hell, I would rent out Texas and live in Hell."



CHEMSTRAND AT PENSACOLA



Fontainebleau Hotel at Miami Beach  
Stan Wayman—Rapho-Guillumette

Florida). When her father explained, she remarked: "Since you've been governor, what we've needed is a lieutenant daddy."

**A Matching Program.** Thomas LeRoy Collins' grandfather, a circuit-riding Methodist minister, came to Florida from Texas around 1870, died in a pulpit near Tallahassee. The governor's father ran a small grocery, later a wholesale grocery business. He did not have enough money to send his children to college, but he promised to match, dollar for dollar, whatever they earned and saved. "He was years ahead of Roosevelt," says Governor Collins, who deals these days with federal-state-aid fund-matching programs.

Roy worked 18 months at a Tallahassee grocery, saved \$500 and bought a business course at Eastman Business College in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. He worked two years as a teller for the Exchange Bank in Tallahassee, saved another \$500 and bought a law course at Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tenn. He finished the one-year course and passed the Florida bar exam with the second highest grade ever scored until then. "I came home," said Roy Collins, "boldly hung out my shingle—and proceeded to starve."

Early in 1932 Roy spoke of marriage to dark-eyed Mary Call Darby, but there was a practical difficulty: "My law practice was earning me about \$34 a month." So Roy ran for the job of Leon County prosecutor, which paid enough for two. "I campaigned over every inch of Leon County," he said. "and Mary Call worked almost as hard as I did. The net result was that I wound up getting beat by about 100 votes." Three weeks later, on June 29, 1932, Roy Collins and Mary Call were married.

In the spring of 1934, Lawyer Collins submitted himself once more to the voters of Leon County ("I hated to quit after being beaten"), and won election to the state House of Representatives. He put in six hard-working years in the House and

twelve in the Senate. Twice the state capital press corps voted him the most valuable legislator.

Collins fought to outlaw slot machines, for higher state taxes on dog-track gambling, for higher educational standards and better mosquito control to hold down that old Southern malady, malaria. "I can hardly remember a summer when I wasn't sick with the chills and fever of malaria," Collins said last week. "I used to drink Dr. Groves's tasteless chill tonic by the barrel. I guess it was all that pulled a lot of us through. Well, when I became a legislator I got a chance to work for remedial legislation. Now there are doctors who have practiced in Florida for years and never seen a case of malaria. It's a good feeling to see results like that."

**Switching Trains.** In 1953 Senator Collins' close friend, Governor Dan McCarty, died in office. Under the state constitution, he was succeeded by the President of the Senate, one Charley Johns, a former railroad conductor, who as a legislator had voted to put the brakes on improving educational standards and against a law to unmask the Ku Klux Klan. Roy Collins ran against Johns for the final unexpired two years of McCarty's term. Collins took his stand against what he called the "muster of the vultures." Despite Johns's lavish promises of road construction projects in key vote areas, Collins beat him 380,323 to 314,198 for the Democratic nomination.

On Jan. 4, 1955 Roy Collins, inaugurated governor of Florida, delivered a speech unusual for its force and clarity. He said: "I want the people of Florida to understand that progress in business, industry and human welfare can only go so far with a ward-heeling, back-scratching, self-promoting political system."

"Our progress is sure to run into a dead end if our citizens accept the philosophy that votes can be traded for a road or for a job for an incompetent relative, or

for a favor for a friend or for a handout through a state purchase order . . .

"Government cannot live by taxes alone, or by jobs alone or even by roads alone. Government, too, must have qualities of the spirit. Truth and justice and fairness and unselfish service are some of these. Without these qualities there is no worthwhile leadership, and we grapple and grope in a moral wilderness."

**A Constitutional.** In that spirit, Collins pitched into the job of running the government of a state in transition. He gets up at 7 o'clock, likes to have some of his staff meet him at his home for an hour's work. "Once we get to the capitol," he says, "it's hard to get together."

Collins describes himself as "constitutionally incapable of working by the clock. I have to gear my work to the job at hand. If that requires getting up before dawn and working through till midnight, then that's the way I do it. But if there's nothing pressing the next day, then I'm likely to be an hour late getting to the office and an hour early leaving it. I'm one of those unfortunate men who have to have pressure to work well. So instead of efficiently spreading my work out and doing it on a schedule, I tend to let it pile up and do it all at once. I know it's terribly hard on my family and my staff, but it's too late to change now."

Once a month he goes on a statewide radio-TV hookup to report on the \$100 million-a-year public business that he runs. Handsome and easy-mannered, with a personality made for TV, he refuses to use a script. He chats about a variety of governmental subjects, reads and answers some of his mail over the air and, to the amazement of the station crew, manages to wind up each impromptu broadcast on the second.

One morning, he got back from a Florida-selling trip to New York, window-shopped in Jacksonville, then set out for Tallahassee in his black Cadillac. During



the two-hour ride he framed a speech for the next day, made a decision on the appointment of a new sheriff, signed papers and discussed an upcoming meeting of the Merit System Council (he is trying to give more than 5,000 state employees civil-service protection). Halfway home, he asked the driver to stop at a roadside lunch stand. Roy (as the proprietor addressed him) gulped his coffee fast, wandered out and down the street. His driver, used to his habits, picked the governor up three blocks away; he was deep in conversation with two oldsters sitting in front of a hardware store. "I need the exercise," said Collins, "and it gives me a chance to talk to people."

He lunched at the Grove, commiserated with his five-year-old daughter Darby

flight to Tampa. At take-off time, the governor was missing. A staffer found him in the baggage room, chinning with the porters. In flight, he worked on state papers, read a chapter in a book on Southern economic problems. Next day he made two speeches, talked to some old people basking in the sun and to some Democratic leaders at the hotel. He left without paying his bill, remembered, rushed back to do so. (Once he forgot three suits in a Chicago hotel. Says his wife: "Since he only had four, we didn't know what in heaven's name he was going to do.") He finally left Tampa for a 100-mile drive to Ocala, where he was to meet his wife and daughters Jane and Mary Call at a football game. "Boy," said the governor nervously, "if we don't

cussed in New York, that a nuclear-energy plant might be located in their town. Then he went to a press conference with editors of Florida weeklies. "Governor," said one, "do you think we are becoming top-heavy with tourism?" The governor answered gravely: "Not so long as we keep the rest of our house in order."

**The Leisured Masses.** A cold snap in the northern states got Florida's tourist season off to an early start this year, for what may be its biggest season ever—and it looked as if Florida's tourism might take a lot of balancing. Miami Beach, the Riviera of the leisured masses, will draw 2,000,000 of Florida's 5,000,000 annual tourists to its 378 hotels, 2,100 apartment houses and 415 swimming pools.

Miami Beach was already in full yak. The Cadillacs nuzzled each other along the gaudy length of Collins Avenue. Women in sun-top dresses stretched beside swimming pools, contemplating headlines that happily proclaimed: ARCTIC BLASTS RIP COUNTRY. Flamboyant young New Yorkers leaped through stock-market reports. A lot of men were in town for a Gerber Baby Foods convention.

The visitor to Greater Miami who wanted to be hypnotized could be, at the Svengali Club; he could determine his destiny through the auspices of a modest "life reader" ("I don't claim to do miracles") named Madame Avon; he could see clumsy girls competing in an amateur strip-tease contest or watch Seminoles wrestling alligators. Within the white walls of Miami Beach's Saxony Hotel the lazier man could maneuver round the clock from the Hulahut through the Bam-Boo-La Lounge, the Veranda Room, the Tropical Room, the Chuck Wagon ("All You Can Eat for Only \$1.95"), Ye Noshery,\* the Nite-Cap Lounge and the Pagoda Room.

**Klystron Tubes & Muck.** Like all good Floridians, Roy Collins is proud of Miami Beach; more than most, he is aware of the danger of resting the state's economy too heavily on a vacationland—even in a nation where winter vacations are becoming more and more routine.

Today, so much else is going on in Florida that the peril of overemphasizing the playgrounds seems to be passing. Gainesville (pop. 32,000) has a new \$600,000 Sperry Rand plant making klystron tubes. At Palatka (pop. 11,000), the Hudson Pulp & Paper Corp. is considering building a \$25 million newsprint mill. Tampa (pop. 276,000) rejoices over Southland Oil Co.'s plans for Florida's first complete oil-cracking plant. Jacksonville has two new insurance company skyscrapers, a new \$2,500,000 branch of General Motors' Electric-Motive Division and a General Foods instant-coffee plant.

Three out of four oranges and nine out of ten grapefruit produced in the U.S. now come from Florida. Good farm land is expanding, notably in the swamps and jungle of the Everglades, where a \$250 million drainage and reclamation project



Walter Bennett

GOVERNOR COLLINS & FAMILY AT THE GROVE®  
What Florida needs is a lieutenant daddy.

over the illness of a doll, went to his office, where he found the press demanding a comment on Adlai Stevenson's visit to Florida. Said Collins: "I am not endorsing any Democratic candidate, as you know, but if you were to ask me who the next President of the U.S. was going to be. I'd answer: Mr. Stevenson."

When the reporters had cleared out, he swore in the sheriff, telling him: "The main thing I want you to understand is that I appointed you because you are a good citizen, not because you are the friend of a friend, and you are not beholden to me or anyone else but the people of your county."

**Lions v. Wildcats.** He went to a conference, cleaned up his mail, made some notes for his monthly TV report, that night went home to dinner, made his telecast and then went to the airport for a

get there by half-time, Jane will have my hide." He got there, but it hardly mattered. Moppets swarmed over him so that he could not see the field. He treated each with courtly courtesy, autographing crack-jack boxes, raincoats and match folders. He was glad when he heard that the game, between Tallahassee's Leon High School Lions and the Ocala Wildcats, ended in a tie, 13-13. "Well," said the governor, "that's one consolation. No one can be mad because I rooted for the wrong team."

Next day he drove to Gainesville, where he conferred with University of Florida officials on the chance, which he had dis-

\* Left to right: Jane Brevard, 17; Darby, 5; Mrs. & Governor Collins; Mary Call, 13. A son, LeRoy Jr., 21, is a senior at the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

\* From the Yiddish *noshyn*, to eat a little (especially sweets) between meals.



is uncovering black muck soil as fertile as anything on earth.

Florida mines ilmenite and rutile ore, from which the light metal titanium is derived. Its monazite sands offer the promise of thorium, a source of fissionable material. Underlying more than 2,000 sq. mi. of Florida, centering 70 miles east of St. Petersburg, there is enough phosphate to last U.S. industry 1,000 years.

**"A Gradual Shaping."** As governor, Roy Collins has helped give the boom dignity and balance—but not everyone thanks him. This year he was able to get through the legislature an appropriation for a turnpike down the middle of the state, but he lost a more important contest. Although he kept it in session all summer, the legislature refused to approve a plan to reapportion its seats. At present, sparsely populated counties, with 12% of the people, mostly in the north, elect 20 of the 38 state senators. Collins was criticized for not "forcing" the legislators to go along by using his patronage power and his right to veto bills for local improvements. Instead, he continues to preach reapportionment as a necessity of tomorrow's Florida. Says Collins: "It takes a gradual shaping of public opinion to win the really big fights."

Although he has not publicly said so, he would like another term. The state Supreme Court will have to rule on his eligibility to succeed himself. (The issue: Will his two years count as a term?) If he clears that hurdle, he may face formidable opposition next year from ex-Governor Fuller Warren, a highly popular figure whose supporters stretch from the cracker counties of the north to the dog-track fraternity of Miami.

Collins has from now until the Democratic primary next May to get the voters used to his ideas about state government. "Government services," he says, "should be performed at the lowest level of government having the capacity to do the job. But the important thing to remember is that the services must be performed. If they are not, then the people will go elsewhere for them. If the city-hall door is slammed in their faces, they will go to the state capitol. If they get nothing there, they turn to Washington."

"Local governments—the cities, the school districts, the counties and the states—should face up to their own responsibilities. I hope I live long enough to see the day when they all find courage and honesty enough to tax their citizens as they should be taxed and then serve them as they should be served. When that happens, the Federal Government will be able to restrict its activities. Washington almost always comes into the picture only after local governments have failed to meet their responsibilities."

"If more people would be concerned with states' responsibilities instead of states' rights, there would be little loss of those rights."

Unusual words for a Deep-South governor—but then both Roy Collins and his state are most unusual phenomena.

## LABOR

### Armistice at the Armory

Under the glaring canopy of lights in Manhattan's 71st Regiment Armory, the 1,500 A.F.L.-C.I.O. delegates bore decorously the immense power and affluence they controlled in the moment of their 15-million-member merger of 141 unions—the greatest assemblage of free labor's many mansions in one house.

Last week's merger of old rivals, amid the peace and plenty of the 1955-model U.S., they helped to forge, had about it a pride in the long way traveled from weakness to strength. Said Walter Reuther, ending the C.I.O.'s 17th and final convention a few days before: "We have brought sunshine into the dark places of America. We have given millions . . . of workers a sense of security and a sense of human dignity."

Nominated by Reuther and elected



A.F.L.'s MEANY & C.I.O.'s REUTHER  
Also some Big Labor pains.

unanimously as expected, the new coalition's first president, stolid George Meany of the 74-year-old A.F.L., expressed his hope for the future. He told the convention: "We have got to give some sober thought today to . . . taking our place in the community life of the nation . . . Labor not only has a right to raise its voice . . . We have a duty as citizens to take part in shaping the policies of our government."

**"Beautiful Thing."** But the birth of what Meany likes to call the new "instrumentality" was accompanied by numerous Big Labor pains last week.

The first integration problem arose from the fact that the C.I.O. remained not only intact—as planned—but grew stronger. Thirty-one of its 32 frisky industrial unions (4,600,000 members) formed the new federation's Industrial Union Department, headed by ex-C.I.O. President Reuther. To gain a voice in the new I.U.D., 38 A.F.L. unions with 2,672,000 industrial workers quickly signed up with Reuther's outfit. This move was a surprise

to the top A.F.L. leaders, including Meany. "A beautiful thing," gloated the C.I.O. Electrical Workers' James Carey, when he realized that the suddenly enlarged I.U.D. had become by far the biggest bloc in the new A.F.L.-C.I.O.

**"The First Instance."** Not so beautiful was a scramble to board the I.U.D. bandwagon by the Teamsters Union, the A.F.L.'s biggest (1,400,000 members) and most sprawling affiliate (truckers, dockers, bakers, dairymen, grocers, laundries). To form a counter power bloc, the Teamsters tried first to squeeze into the I.U.D. with their entire membership. "We're going in lock, stock and barrel," bristled Vice President James R. (for Riddle) Hoffa, whose growlingly visible power within his union suggests an undercover undercutting of Teamster Boss Dave Beck.

But in the federation's first internal fracas, Meany and Reuther proved tougher than Beck and Hoffa. As the Teamsters flexed furiously, Meany was asked who would solve the unexpected problem of evaluating which I.U.D. applicant unions were genuinely industrial. Grinned Meany: "Me, in the first instance." Beck and Hoffa soon slimmed their claim of "industrial" Teamsters to 700,000; when Reuther labeled that figure "insane," the Teamsters capitulated and settled for 400,000.

**Facts of Life.** Ahead lay scores of smaller jurisdictional impasses between rival A.F.L. and C.I.O. unions across the U.S. C.I.O. Lithographers (30,000 members) fear absorption by the A.F.L.'s 88,000-member Printing Pressmen's Union. A.F.L. telephone workers (100,000) think the C.I.O. Communications Union (300,000) is eyeing them. C.I.O. Brewery Workers (45,000) have already lost 20,000 members in raids by the A.F.L. Teamsters. Yet some disputes were already being solved by mergers within the Big Merger, which could go far to pacify the U.S. labor landscape and benefit every bystanding consumer or employer affected by inter-union strife. Example: 400,000 meat workers of the A.F.L. Amalgamated Meatcutters and the C.I.O. United Packinghouse Workers planned to team up as last week's convention ended.

More evidence of the federation's adjustments to the facts of U.S. life showed in the composition of its 27 vice presidents (17 presidents of A.F.L. unions, ten of C.I.O. affiliates). They included the A.F.L. Sleeping Car Porters' A. Philip Randolph and the C.I.O. Transport Service Employees' Willard Saxby Townsend—both Negroes, who assumed top executive posts never before granted Negroes in the old A.F.L. or C.I.O. The Independent Brotherhoods of Railroad Trainmen and of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, planning soon to add their 300,000 members to the federation, were working to remove long-held anti-Negro discrimination clauses before they joined.

More difficult to face was another fact of U.S. life; only one out of three wage and salary workers is unionized. Organized labor's weakest areas: chemical, tex-

tile, service, white collar, construction, state and local government workers. By fanning 400 topflight organizers into these fields—particularly in the newly industrial South—the federation hopes to double its membership to 30 million in the next decade. Despite the immense difficulties of the tasks ahead it has set for itself, despite the many frictions and old feuds, the spirit of the new organization was generally moderate and harmonious. A lot of the A.F.L. delegates made no secret of their admiration for Walter Reuther's drive and brains. George Harrison, president of the A.F.L. Railway Clerks, said of Reuther: "He's done one hell of a job on unity. It takes a big man to bow gracefully out of a big position."

Among C.I.O. delegates a feeling of respect and affection for George Meany seemed equally strong. He stood more than any other top man for effective labor leadership coupled with faith in the U.S. system.

Outside organized labor, the main line of comment on the merger pointed to the danger that arose from the new power which unity conferred. The danger was real, but perhaps exaggerated. Organized labor was not merely bigger than ever; it was more secure than ever—and irresponsible labor acts of the past could be attributed to its sense of insecurity.

It was no accident that George Meany observed his elevation to the presidency of the merged union by making to the National Association of Manufacturers one of the most conciliatory speeches of his career (see BUSINESS).

## TRIALS

### The Line Was Very Busy

In 11th century Coventry the penalty for snooping was stern indeed: the original Peeping Tom, according to legend, was struck blind for stealing a glance at Lady Godiva during her famous ride. Nowadays, the punishment is less severe, but it is still enough to bring tears to the stoniest private eye. In a Manhattan courtroom last week Private Investigator John ("Steve") Broady, 52, was near to tears. Reason: he had been convicted of illegal eavesdropping, on 16 counts related to wiretapping. Maximum sentence: 27 years in prison.

**Buzzing on Butterfield 8.** The Broady wiretap case first hit the headlines last February, when police raided an East Side Manhattan apartment and discovered a secret listening post, equipped with the latest recorders and a direct (though unlisted) line to 100,000 telephones that spread like a monstrous run all over the ten-denier silk-stocking district. Two telephone-company employees, Carl Ruh, a tester, and Walter Asmann, a "frame-man" who made cross connections for the company, were found on the premises. They were fired by the company and arrested, along with Warren Shannon, an electrician, in whose name the apartment was rented; all were charged with conspiracy and illegal wiretapping. The three pleaded guilty; Shannon and Ruh turned state's evidence and pointed to Broady, a



WIRETAPPER BROADY  
Tears from a private eye.

lawyer turned private eye, as the top taper who had hired them. As the stars in a parade of 39 witnesses at Broady's trial, the two provided the district attorney with his most damning evidence, the newspapers with enough gossip to keep East Side telephones, from Plaza 1 to BUtterfield 8, buzzing for weeks. Items:

¶ **Blimpish John Jacob Astor** testified that in 1954 he had hired Broady to tap the phone in his Fifth Avenue home in the hope of learning some of the secrets of Gertrude Gretch Astor, his wife at that time. Mrs. Astor, meanwhile, was watching her husband with her own private eye.

¶ **Two other jealous husbands**, both subsequently divorced, admitted that they had subscribed to Broady's service to spy on their wives (TV Songstress Kyle MacDonnell and Glamour Girl Tauni de Lesseps), but both counts were thrown out of court, because in New York State it is legal for a client to have his own phone tapped.

¶ **Robert Porter**, general counsel and secretary of Charles Pfizer Company, manufacturing chemists, testified that his company had hired Broady to find out how the secret formula of a new drug (Tetracycline) had leaked to competitors. (Earlier this year Pfizer sued Bristol Laboratories, E. R. Squibb & Son and the Upjohn Co. for \$50 million, charging infringement of patents.) Pfizer, Porter testified, had paid Broady to shadow 50 of its employees. Broady also tapped the telephones of Squibb and Bristol-Myers on his own initiative, but found no leak. He got his fee of \$60,000, nevertheless.

¶ **Bernice Nicholls**, wife of a polo-playing industrialist, swore that Broady invited her to his office once to hear a tapped recording of an alleged telephone conversation between her husband and ex-Ecdystasi Ann Corio. When Broady asked her if she would like him to make some more rec-

ords, she declined because, she said, "I was aware of the situation." (The Nicholls were subsequently reconciled, without Broady's dubious assistance.)

¶ **Pepsi-Cola President Alfred N. Steele** said that his telephone had been tapped without his permission or knowledge in 1954, when he was having "matrimonial trouble." Steele was later divorced and married Movie Queen Joan Crawford (TIME, May 23).

¶ **Broady** was a man of unlimited interests, according to Emmanuel J. Rouseck, a vice president of the Wildenstein Gallery, one of the world's topflight dealers in international art. For five months Rouseck paid Broady \$150 a week to listen in on the conversations (in four languages) of Dr. Rudolph Heinemann, an eminent art buyer. For months Dr. Heinemann was horrified and mystified when his telephoned trade secrets and sales tip-offs began to leak like a faucet. When he closed the \$750,000 sale of Van Eyck's *Madonna* to the Frick Collection, he was pledged to secrecy for six months; within a matter of days, however, the big deal was the talk of 57th street. When an antique dealer accused him of blabbing about their business deals, Heinemann, a discreet man, indignantly denied the charge. "Well," he quoted the antique dealer as saying, "Rouseck at Wildenstein asked me why I was getting all those old paintings from you—said they had better ones at Wildenstein." Rouseck denied any knowledge of three wiretaps that were discovered on the outgoing lines of Knoedler's, Wildenstein's No. 1 competitor. After Rouseck's testimony, Wildenstein announced: "Mr. Rouseck has tendered his resignation."

**Shades of Al Capone.** Throughout his trial Broady coolly denied any wrongdoing. All of his wiretaps, he maintained, had been strictly legal—authorized by his clients for their own telephones. He had "never heard of" the raided apartment, and besides, the whole case had been a frame-up by a rival private eye. In the course of his testimony Broady offered several new revelations. In January 1953, two months before he became Ambassador to Italy, Clare Boothe Luce's telephone had been tapped, he said—but he was unable to give the name or the motive of the tapper.

Only once in his testimony did Broady lose his composure—when he told how one of his agents, Geologist Clarence Sopman, 29, had been murdered in Mexico when he was trying to recover part of \$7,000,000 stolen from the Nationalist Chinese government by renegade Lieut. General P. T. Mow (TIME, Aug. 25, 1952). The murderers, sobbed Broady, were members of Al Capone's old Chicago gang.

After 14 days of bewildering testimony the all-male, blue-ribbon jury took just three hours, nine minutes to find Broady guilty. In spite of the verdict, though, most of New York's 2,000,000 telephone subscribers were having trouble getting over that uncomfortable feeling that they might be addressing a large, unseen audience every time they answered the phone.

# JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

## KHRUSHCHEV'S LIES NEW SOVIET LOW

THE ECONOMIST:

**M**R. KHRUSHCHEV is a notorious dropper of bricks. But no mere slip of his fidgety tongue can explain away his fantastic charge that the British, the French and the Americans had "started the second world war, sent troops against our country, and these troops were the troops of Hitlerite Germany."

Mr. Khrushchev, an exemplary product of Stalin's schooling, seems to learn more slowly and painfully than did Frankenstein's laboratory-built monster. Perhaps he really has no idea that, long before Mr. Molotov's incredible announcement (on June 14, 1941) warnings of a German attack on Russia were being put out by "the forces arrayed against the Soviet Union and the Great German Reich," Indians were fighting and dying alongside British, Australian, French and other comrades to protect Egypt and the Arab world and to set Ethiopia free. An obscure party employee in those days, [Khrushchev] was probably never allowed to know that Stalin did not even acknowledge Mr. Churchill's repeated warnings of the impending Nazi attack. A devout ignoramus today, he would be the last man to heed the thought that the allies' Thermopylaean resistance in the Balkans, which forced an infuriated Hitler to postpone invading Russia for over a month, quite possibly saved Moscow. Excuses may be made for childish ignorance and even for narrow racist arrogance. But there is no excusing a cold, venomous lie. Whatever the motive, Mr. Khrushchev has deliberately chosen to bring Soviet relations with the western democracies down to the lowest level.

## JUNKETING RUSSIANS EMBARRASSED HOSTS

Britain's SPECTATOR:

**I**N the Russian mind, much broad talk of love is entirely consonant with much narrow practice of hatred; but Khrushchev, for all the verbal virtuosity of his performance, for all the too-familiar clasp of Asia to his bosom, has been treating the intelligence of his hosts with no little contempt if he imagines that his torrent of words is enough to sweep them off their feet.

There is little enough cause for alarm, so manifestly grotesque has been the contrast between Khrushchev's extravagant protestations of affection for his Asian hosts, and his no less extravagant denunciations of the West; between his fantasies on the theme of Communist

Russia, and the reality of the rat-race which it is. In so far as he thought, by wild flatteries and wilder lies, to knock in a wedge of misunderstanding between India and the West, his attempt has been a failure; and all that he has done in Burma has been to embarrass his hosts to the point of stupefaction. Mr. Khrushchev had better watch out when he gets back to Moscow, for he has spun enough rope on this excursion to hang a dozen men of his girth.

## KHRUSHCHEV CLAIMS SHOCK ONLY THE NAIVE

THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION:

**I**T is naive of western politicians and papers to be shocked by the strange statements of Khrushchev and Bulganin in their Eastern tour. Molotov made it only too clear at Geneva that the decision not to threaten the world with war did not include any serious intention to lift the iron curtain. Clearly we must take it for granted that the Russian leaders will follow the usual lines of political warfare and select their facts to suit their audiences. It is conceivable that Mr. Khrushchev did not realize that the British have for at least two generations ceased to be crass enough to call the Burmese "barbarians." But that does not alter the fact that the Russians undoubtedly won an immense response from multitudes of people in South-East Asia to whom colonialism still remains, by the fault of the West, the real enemy.

## RUSSIA IS AHEAD IN PSYCHOLOGICAL WAR

Correspondent NEAL STANFORD in the  
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR:

**T**HE anomaly of the current world scene is that while the United States seems to be winning the cold war it may be losing the psychological war.

The United States is winning alliances all the way from Portugal to Japan. It is spending \$100 for every \$1 the Soviets put up and \$10 for every \$1 the Soviets promise. It is directing a diplomatic offensive. But on the psychological front the United States is on the defensive. Washington spends its time reacting to Soviet actions and Soviet propaganda, while the Soviets are busy turning up new schemes to embarrass the West. Moscow is waging psychological warfare day and night in Europe, Asia, Africa, bluntly, blatantly, busily.

The trouble is not that the United States does not have a good case; but the United States too often does not present a good case. It spends its time weighing, pondering, considering; and in

the meantime the opportunity for scoring a psychological victory is past. Or it plays the ostrich game; buries its head in the sand and refuses to admit anything has happened. You don't counter something with nothing; you counter something with something better. You intercept the pass and run with the opponent's ball.

The President's aerial inspection plan and his exchange of blueprints proposal are perhaps the most startling, daring, and imaginative ideas to come out of the Eisenhower administration. But the United States hasn't begun to squeeze the psychological value out of them that is there.

There may be reasons which do not appear that keep Washington officials from making the most of it. One could be an unwillingness to engage in a game of bluff. Involved, too, it seems, is the inertia of bureaucracy, the latent fear of miscalculation, a belief that doing nothing is apt to be safer than doing something. In psychological warfare the imponderables predominate. However, that is not an argument for doing nothing, but for doing what needs to be done promptly, thoroughly, and effectively.

## U.S. MARINES ARE NEEDED IN ISRAEL

Editor MAX ASCOLI in THE  
REPORTER:

**C**OMMUNISM is now on the rampage in the Middle East, fanning the kind of war best suited to upset our alliances and our own people—a war from which we cannot escape involvement and yet so primitive as to give us no chance of using massive retaliation, or even our tiniest atomic tactical weapons.

The danger is such that peace at the Israeli-Arab borders demands something more than the reiteration of already existing guarantees or mixed Soviet-NATO patrols. It demands a few battalions of U.S. Marines, plus proportionate contingents from NATO allies—enough troops to keep an active watch so that no attack is launched by either side.

The U.N. can come into the picture after the presence of token allied contingents has dramatized the western powers' repeated guarantees to the Israeli state. The U.N., which is responsible for the creation of Israel, and for years has been debating the control of armaments, cannot let the peace of the world be threatened by the armament race between minor countries entirely dependent on the great powers. Since no atomic stockpiles are involved, there could be no better experimental ground for U.N. control of armament—just as there could be no better chance for us to stop the bootlegging of minor wars by the Soviet peace lovers.



# FOREIGN NEWS

## COMMUNISTS

### Lunge to the South

The raw anger erupting last week in British speeches and editorials (see JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES), all directed against the Russian leaders, was the kind that Britons used to reprove Americans for showing. Even old Winston Churchill came out of his comfortable hibernation to make his first political pronouncement since his retirement: "You have all been following the exhibition—I use no other word—which the heads of the Russian state have been making of their tour through India and Burma. It has certainly

bad-tempered." In the end, the Eden government decided to go on with the plans, but to moderate the welcome.

Not only Britain reacted violently to the new Russian behavior, "The cold war has been declared anew by Party Secretary Khrushchev," proclaimed a West Berlin commentator. Added a French Foreign Ministry official: "There's very little left of the Geneva spirit after this tour of South Asia." Or as U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles put it in his Chicago speech: "A huge, materialistic state, thwarted in its efforts to aggrandize itself by force [is trying] coldly and cruelly . . . to exploit for its selfish ends

stories? We will help build them. Have you opponents? We will hate them too.

The mere presence of such powerful potentates was flattering to proud young nations. But however sound the strategy, the tactics were surprisingly clumsy. As they traveled through India and Burma, Khrushchev and Bulganin may sometimes have forgotten that though these nations were born yesterday, they have been around as peoples for a long time.

### Red Bricks

On the road to Mandalay, Nikita Khrushchev's voice rolled out like thunder. "They ruled you and tried to tell you it was God who sent them to rule you," he said of Burma's departed British colonizers. "The English were sitting on your necks and were robbing your people." At road stops, he made much of geography—"Our country is both European and Asiatic, and territorially it belongs more to Asia." In Maymyo, to an audience of Burmese soldiers long engaged in fighting Communist guerrillas, he thought it best to speak on disarmament. To a political crowd in Rangoon, he talked of a possible new war, plotted, of course, by the Western powers—"They are training the West German army for use against the Soviet Union." To an enthusiastic assemblage of Rangoon University students, he propagated the Communist faith—"The days of capitalism in the world are approaching their end . . . Our system will win."

**Artifacts of Achievement.** For six trip-hammer days, while Premier Nikolai Bulganin traveled in genial, flower-showered near-silence at his side, the chief of Russian Bolshevism carried the brick-loaded Red hod through Burma. He heaved some bricks at the West, crashed others through the plate-glass facts of history. Some he carefully mortared into the structure of Communism's new policy in Asia. All in all, he must have accounted it a good week's work. The Burmans had not displayed the tumultuous enthusiasm of the Indians, but when the pair left Rangoon to return to India, some university girls wept at the airport, while cheering Burmese boys raised clenched fists in salute. Near by on the apron stood a gleaming twin-engined Ilyushin transport plane, the gift of Moscow's traveling leaders to Burma. Less in evidence but more significant were the other artifacts of achievement left behind:

❶ A joint statement of principles flatly aligning Burmese Premier U Nu with Communists on such issues as the surrender of Formosa to the Red Chinese, admission of Peking to the U.N., unconditional prohibition of nuclear weapons.

❷ An economic agreement under which Russia will help Burma build factories, begin irrigation projects and undertake farm development in return for long-term payments in Burmese rice. The U.S., which has a rice surplus of its own, has



Peter Anderson—LIFE

KHRUSHCHEV & BULGANIN IN RANGOON  
Crash! went the plate-glass facts of history.

been a surprising spectacle and one which Her Majesty's government will no doubt study carefully before they allow it, with suitable variants, to be repeated here."

Almost as one, Britons cried "foul" at the insults and distortions Nikita Khrushchev and Nikolai Bulganin have been strewing around Burma and India. They winced at being depicted as the deposed usurers and enslavers of Asia, but what angered them more was Khrushchev's distorted and reiterated cry that Britain, France and the U.S. had instigated World War II and sent the Nazis marching toward Russia. Britons remember too well when they stood alone against Hitler, and when Hitler felt safe to move against them because he had protected his rear by an infamous pact with Communist Russia.

The question was: Should Anthony Eden's invitation to the two Bolsheviks to visit Britain next spring now be canceled? In a poll by the *Daily Sketch*, 69.6% said yes. But Labor's ex-Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison argued, "Let them come. It would be spiteful and childish and not improve relations to get

the aspirations of the peoples of less-developed lands."

**Steely Sounds.** The Western reaction reflected a common conclusion about what Russia is up to. The Kremlin is deliberately bringing to an end the temporary warm-front toward the West and lunging at the vast, uncommitted softnesses of Asia and the Middle East. Molotov's steely noes at Geneva last month were the sounds of a door closing; the Kremlin was settling for the status quo in Europe.

Russia's hard about-face in Europe slowed down a growing dissatisfaction in Germany with Konrad Adenauer's foreign policy; it halted the drift toward the formation of a Communist popular front in France; and Russia's new anti-Western bellicosity might well reawaken those drowsy Europeans whose tensions had got relaxed. Against these losses had to be set what Russia hoped to gain in the uncommitted Arab-Asian lands.

To this uncommitted, neutralist bloc, Khrushchev and Bulganin offered a new message: You don't have to apply for membership in our club; we have already enrolled you and ask no dues. Want fac-



not been able to get together with Burma on any such deal.

¶ A Russian commitment to build and equip a technical institute in Rangoon.

Two years ago, Neutralist U Nu refused further U.S. free technical and economic aid to his country on the ground that it would prejudice his "neutral" stand. But now he accepted the Soviet gifts "with a feeling of deep appreciation." Said Bulganin: "We leave your friendly and hospitable country enriched . . ."

"Judge for Yourself." Back in India once again, the busy travelers found unexpected help in winning over the man whom *Pravda* has called "our unconscious ally." Jawaharlal Nehru may have had misgivings over some of the rambunctious remarks his guests had made, but that was not why Nehru was mad last week. He was miffed at John Foster Dulles, who, in receiving the Portuguese Foreign Minister, had joined in a communiqué which referred to disputed Goa in the phrase the Portuguese use for it, as a "province" of Portugal.

U.S. Ambassador John Sherman Cooper called three times on Nehru, trying to quiet his anger, and Dulles issued a further explanation (which did not satisfy the Indians) that the U.S. remains "neutral" in the dispute over the colony which has been Portuguese since 1510. It was all too easy for Khrushchev to repeat "Look who your friends are," to endorse India's claim on Goa and denounce the U.S. as a colonialist power.

Then the Russians moved northwest to another disputed ground, Kashmir. To them, the rich and populous region is not in dispute at all: since the other claimant is Pakistan, a sturdy ally of the U.S., the Russians are all for India's claims (which India stubbornly refuses to submit to U.N. plebiscite). After two vigorous days amid Kashmir's storied pleasures, the two returned from what Bulganin referred to as "this northern part of India." Pakistan had formally protested their visit to Kashmir. Huffed Khrushchev: "No other power in the past has dared to tell us what we should do and whom to choose as our friends."

Like a medicine show's drumbeat, Khrushchev's insistent appeal hit the Indians' ears. "Judge for yourselves who is your friend and who are your enemies." For the visitors, it was a good note to end on. Packing up the accumulated crockery of three weeks of gift-giving, and leaving behind an accumulation of promises, Nikita Khrushchev and Nikolai Bulganin prepared to move on. There was still more work to be done in Afghanistan.

## The Third Man

Never far from the side of Bulganin and Khrushchev in Asia was a shadowy Third Man. He had a thin, sharp face with fine lines around pale grey-blue eyes, a firm mouth and straight nose, a high forehead, thinning brown hair and sandy eyebrows. He was broad and short, and it was noted that his shoes had extra-thick soles. His hands were large and hairless with thick,

short fingers. He wore only grey-blue suits. Correspondents took him for a plain-clothes cop on a tour of VIP duty, but they soon learned that this was no ordinary MVD gorilla.

Everywhere, the Communists demanded stringent security measures, forced the Indian authorities to keep newsmen a safe distance from the Marshal and the Commissar. But when these measures broke down in Calcutta, the shadowy Third Man suddenly materialized. His pale cod eyes like ice, his big hands gripped into fists, he shouted harsh orders that made lesser goons leap. A snap of his fingers brought Soviet ambassadors running to his side.



Peter Anderson—Life

SECRET POLICE BOSS SEROV  
Snapt and ambassadors jumped.

He was seen whispering what seemed to be instructions into Khrushchev's jug ears. Then, in Burma, as newsmen pressed close for photographs and interviews with Khrushchev, he got really mad. Who was the Third Man? He was General Ivan Alexandrovich Serov, Cabinet-ranking boss of Soviet secret police.

**The Dirty Business.** Except for a few fleeting glimpses (at a Moscow garden party last August, he laughed and chatted with U.S. Ambassador Bohlen's 15-year-old daughter Avis), it was the outside world's first hard look at Serov. But his career, pieced together from the reports of hundreds of Soviet refugees, had long been studied by Western intelligence agencies. In the words of refugee Lieut. Colonel Grigory Burlitsky, a former co-worker, Serov at 50 is "one of the most ruthless and opportunistic swine in the whole dirty business." The "dirty business": the liquidation of opposition.

A *Komsomol* (Young Communist) at

the age of 17, he rose to be a regimental commander in the Red army, but in the early '30s transferred to the *Osoby Otdel* (Special Department) of the NKVD. Sent to the Ukraine, he worked with Stalin's Ukrainian troubleshooter, Nikita Khrushchev. Together they supervised the deportation and liquidation of hundreds of thousands of peasants who resisted collectivization. After the conquest and partition of Poland, Serov was assigned to the job of eliminating "anti-Soviet elements" in the newly annexed territories. Infamous secret order No. 001223, outlining procedures to be adopted for executions and deportations in the Baltic states (an estimated 1,142,000 people), was signed by Serov. His reward: an Order of Lenin.

The German drive into southern Russia the following year touched off rebellions against Soviet authority in several small autonomous regions. As the Red army rolled back the *Wehrmacht*, Serov followed behind, liquidating "collaborationists." He deported to Siberia the entire Chechen-Ingush Republic, the Crimean Tatars, more Ukrainians. For this work he got a second Order of Lenin and a combat commander's Order of Suvorov. By war's end, his work had carried him all the way to Berlin, where he became Stalin's private eye in the Soviet Military Administration. He rounded up German atomic and rocket scientists, watched over Stalin's disgruntled airman son Vasily (who disappeared in 1953), trailed Zhukov to Odessa after his demotion.

By 1946 the NKVD had become such a huge, unwieldy organization that Stalin split it into two parts: the MGB (Security, under Abakumov) and the MVD (Slave Labor, under Kruglov). Having swelled the ranks of slave labor by several millions, Serov was a natural for the MVD. He was made Kruglov's deputy, got a third Order of Lenin for whipping his slaves into completing the Volga-Don canal. But after Stalin's death, his membership in MVD and not in MGB probably saved his life. The Beria liquidation process carried off the entire top level of the security forces. No one (outside the Kremlin) knows who actually carried out this liquidation, but two days after Abakumov's execution, Serov got the Red Banner of Labor, and in a few months moved into the top security job. Nearly two years later, he gives, say observers, "a nervous but energetic impression." He should; all five previous holders of the Soviet Union's top security job have died with their thick-soled shoes on.

**Incident in Mandalay.** Last week in Burma, Serov's nerves seemed to be getting the better of him. London *Observer* Correspondent Philip Deane photographed a Burmese soldier demonstrating a mine detector at Mandalay airport, just before the arrival of Khrushchev and Bulganin. A 6-ft. MVD plainclothesman rushed the Burmese soldier to try to stop the picture. The incident, recorded on TV film, made Serov blaze with anger. "Who took that lying photograph?" he demanded later. When other Western newsmen refused to

tell him, he got madder. "In Russia," he said, "a man who took that picture would be beaten up." When finally a trembling Soviet newsmen identified Deane, he cried: "Are you the man who stage-managed the lie?" Added the Soviet newsmen: "What you did was disgusting." Deane (who spent 33 harrowing months in a Communist prison camp in Korea) calmly answered that there was nothing disgusting about taking a picture, though there might be something disgusting about a Russian striking a Burmese soldier. Serov had enough. He signaled to one of his men to photograph every Western newsmen present. But as Deane in turn tried to photograph Serov, the Third Man knocked the camera aside. "Do not," he said, "take a picture of me!"

The next day Burmese newspapers ironically recalled Khrushchev's crack about the "British calling the Burmese barbarians." Said Serov to a Burmese newsmen: "I don't understand." The Third Man was a long way from home.

## FRANCE

### Fever Center

All over France long lines formed outside city halls as thousands of new voters, urged on politically by the stir of conflict and prodded legally by the risk of a fine for failure to register, rushed to put their names on the polling lists. In the first four days, 1,200,000 new voters were recorded, and election fever gripped the nation. By week's end, 28 "national" parties and some 700 local "lists" had entered a total of 5,000 candidates for the Assembly's 622 seats.

The fever's center was Pierre Mendès-France. Working feverishly to patch together in four weeks the coalition he had hoped to have six months to build, Mendès announced the formation of a "Republican Front" comprising his sector of the Radical Socialists, some ex-Gaullists, and the small U.D.S.R. But without the Socialists it would be a front without depth. The Communists, who captured one vote out of every four cast in 1951, were also wooing the Socialists with talk of a new front that could sweep them back into a position of major power.

"Best of the Others." Last week the Socialists met to wrestle with temptation. Candidates threatened with defeat argued vigorously for the Communist alliance. "We can join forces in strictly local arrangements, and if necessary, walk out on them later," they pleaded.

But Lameduck Premier Edgar Faure reminded everyone of a half-forgotten provision in the 1951 electoral laws, banning local alliances which are not approved by a party's national leadership. And the national leadership was firm. Said Socialist Boss Guy Mollet, a mild-mannered but tough-minded ex-professor of English: "One doesn't throw oneself into the arms of those who for years have tried to strangle us and have killed our Socialist brothers in the prisons of enslaved Europe." Leaders of the Socialist

unions (*Force Ouvrière*) backed Mollet: "For us to ally with Communists would deliver the death blow to free trade unions." The Communist alliance was rejected 1,979 to 1,243. With that settled, alliance with Mendès was the next issue. Good European Guy Mollet, who has never completely forgiven Mendès for torpedoing EDC, nonetheless favored an alliance with him: "He's not one of us, but he's the best of the others." The alliance was approved overwhelmingly.

His major allies assured, Mendès tried hard to complete the dominance of his own Radical Socialists. He plans wherever possible to run youthful "Jacobin" candidates against supporters of his long-



SOCIALIST MOLLET  
Depth to a front.

time friend, Edgar Faure, who is now his dearest enemy. In the interest of "clarity," he expelled seven top opponents, chief among them ex-Premier René Mayer, whose scathing attack on Mendès over North Africa brought Mendès' downfall. In *L'Express*, Mendès laid down the lines of his campaign. The real choice, he proclaimed, "is between action and immobility, between the promoters of action and those guilty of 'immobilism.'"

**Three-Way Divide.** Less noisily, Faure and supporters made ploys of their own. Working agreements were concluded for alliances among Faure's right-wing Radicals, Robert Schuman's Popular Republicans, and Antoine Pinay's conservative Independents. With the main battle lines drawn, political observers guessed that Faure-Pinay rightists would emerge as the biggest winners with about 250 seats, Mendès and his allies with perhaps 150; the Communists were expected to pick up 20 seats or so for a total of 120. Thus the probability was a new Assembly divided into three major blocs, with no clear majority, and nearly as ungovernable as the old.

## BERLIN

### The Competitors

However the situation was labeled—competitive coexistence, peaceful co-traction or simply cold war—East and West were ranged around Berlin last week in the same old postures. The Russians were back on the attack, but the free nations were not without their defenses.

The objective of Soviet conduct is to make Russia's East German satellite look like a sovereign state with which West Germany would be compelled to deal if the German nation is ever to be reunified. To inflate the stature of their stooges, the Russians slipped them some of their supervisory chores, notably the issuing of permits for the canal barges that bring roughly one-fourth of all West Berlin's supplies across East Germany. That left the hand of German Communists resting on Free Berlin's lifeline to the West.

**Lower Levels.** The Reds promptly suggested that this was something for East and West Cabinet ministers to talk about. Konrad Adenauer angrily brushed off any suggestion of discussions at a ministerial level, as implying recognition of East Germany. West Germans were willing to make lesser arrangements, a process that has been going on for some time. All barge permits, said *Neues Deutschland*, East Germany's *Pravda*, would be terminated Dec. 31, and "Bonn authorities will have to file applications for renewal."

Was this the beginning of another Berlin blockade? Many West Berliners feared so; and their concern over the barge traffic was increased by the fact that the British too, like the Russians, had quietly withdrawn their supervision of barge registrations more than a month ago.

Now that East Germany had staked its claim to control the barge traffic, Chancellor Adenauer called his advisers in emergency session in Bonn to consider countermeasures. Shutting canal locks in West Berlin to East German barges, or stopping East German goods at Hamburg, would hurt the Communists, but not enough. A much rougher blow would be halting East Germany's \$48 million-a-year trade with West Germany. Communist East Germany in particular needs steel and heavy machinery.

**Threat and Counterthreat.** But such a blockade would never work if the Belgians, French, or any other Western nation sold the East Germans the steel that West Germany would not. The West found an answer to that. The Western allies and the Bonn Government drew up a plan for applying a NATO-wide embargo on East German trade, should a new Berlin blockade develop. Next day the East Germans announced that the old barge permits would continue to be honored, after all, by the Communist regime.

For the moment, the threat to Berlin was averted. But at week's end the Communists inched forward again. The East German government announced that it had taken over from the Russians all border policing, except for allied military

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de Tocqueville

on the progress  
of democracy

*The progress of democracy seems irresistible, because it is the most uniform, the most ancient, and the most permanent tendency which is to be found in history.*

(*Democracy in America*, 1835)

artist: jacques nathan

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA





traffic in and out of Berlin, which would remain in Russian hands. The battle of strength continued. In any showdown, the West's ultimate power to blockade might make the Russians think twice.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Time to Retire

Big Ben was striking 11 and some Labor M.P.s were still straggling into the House of Commons committee room when Clement Attlee rose from his place and said in his most curt, acid-drop manner: "Before proceeding to the main business for which you have been called, I have a statement to make." Wasting no words, 72-year-old Clem Attlee resigned as leader of the Labor Party, sat down. Hesitantly, the Laborites struck up a wavering *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*.

Though most had been impatiently awaiting his resignation ever since he suffered a mild stroke last summer, the room was swept by a wave of pale, nostalgic affection for the unobtrusive-seeming man who had been their leader for a record 20 years. Attlee had intended to linger in power until early next year, but on a recent speaking tour of Scotland, renewed and pointed hints had got under his skin, and he had made his sudden decision almost in a fit of pique. The tributes over, Attlee rose, snapped: "Well, thank you, Thank you very much," and walked straight out of the room.

After lunch, Mrs. Attlee drove their small Hillman in from their suburban home in Prestwood, and Attlee spent the afternoon clearing his parliamentary office of books and files and lugging them to the car. That night came the announcement that he would accept an earldom. In more militant days, when he was a social worker and M.P. for London's tough Limehouse district, Attlee had said that if he ever went to the House of Lords, it would be as "Lord Luv-a-Duk of Limehouse." Now he chose simple "Earl Attlee" as his title, without any geography at all.\*

**Words Unsaid.** No one could ever find much to say about Clem Attlee: He never uttered a memorable phrase in his life. Prime Minister Anthony Eden said that in 33 years in Parliament Attlee had never made a personal enemy. Winston Churchill had once called him "a sheep in sheep's clothing." But the meek exterior could give way to a rasping, if understated, effectiveness, and he had learned the secret of triumphing over more impulsive rivals by quietly outwaiting them.

Under this diffident lawyer's son turned social revolutionist, Great Britain, in its

nature at home and its holdings abroad, was profoundly and permanently changed. In six years as postwar Premier, Attlee installed Britain's welfare state and nationalized its basic industries. He, more than any other man, dismantled the British Empire and reformed it as a Commonwealth of equals. It was his personal decisions that gave India, Burma and Ceylon their freedom, and created the nation of Pakistan. Said Pakistan's Foreign Minister Hamidul Huq Choudhury: "His name will be remembered as long as the independence of this subcontinent is remembered."

Typically, Attlee was picked as party leader in 1935 only as a stopgap when



EARL ATLEE  
"Well, thank you very much."

Pacifist George Lansbury resigned just before elections. But while more colorful Laborites battled noisily, Attlee quietly gathered supporters, soon was laying down the Labor line with undisputed authority. Before his leadership was a year old, he firmly turned the party from Lansbury's doctrinaire pacifism (he himself was an infantry major at Gallipoli in World War I). He grimly warned Conservatives celebrating "peace in our time" that Munich was "one of the greatest defeats that this country and France have ever sustained." Though leader of a movement traditionally sympathetic to Russia and suspicious of the U.S. Attlee ranged his nation alongside the U.S. in the cold war, in NATO and in Korea.

**The New Boy.** As a peer, Attlee will no longer be seen in the House of Commons. In the House of Lords, he has no intention of taking over the Labor leadership. "I shall be a new boy," he explained. "I shall do as I am told."

Four years ago, the succession would undoubtedly have gone without a fight to Deputy Leader Morrison. A cockney policeman's son, genial Herb Morrison is

a man after every workingman's heart. But Morrison is now 67, will be 72 before the next scheduled general elections, and his star was somewhat dimmed by an unsuccessful tour as Foreign Secretary. Many have turned to Labor's fastest-rising star and former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Gaitskell.

**The Rivals.** Oxford-bred Hugh Gaitskell, sharp-witted and sharp-tongued, was once considered too donnish for the workingman, but now at 49, he has become the right-wing trade unionists' favorite candidate against the rambunctious but embittered left-winger Nye Bevan.

Bevanites admit that Nye cannot command the votes to win. If Morrison were elected, 58-year-old Nye might yet have his turn when Morrison retired, but if 49-year-old Gaitskell wins, Bevan will have been passed over, and probably for good. Over the years, Morrison and Bevan have been the bitterest of personal rivals. But now Nye is so eager to stop Gaitskell that last week he agreed to withdraw if Gaitskell also would, leaving the field to Morrison.

Gaitskell would have none of that. "I have the highest regard for Mr. Morrison," he said, "but I think the party should have the opportunity of choosing." As 275 Labor M.P.s balloted this week, the odds were on Gaitskell.

## AUSTRALIA

### "Sneak" Victory

On a hot summer Saturday down under, 5,000,000 Australians, many in sport clothes, swim suits and fishing boots, went to the polls as the law requires. Within hours after the polls closed, Labor Leader Herbert Evatt sourly acknowledged defeat: "The government's plan to sneak back into power apparently succeeded . . ." Actually, rather than sneaking back, Prime Minister Robert Menzies' Liberal-Country Party coalition won a House of Representatives majority twice as large as its previous one.

The margin of victory was a measure of Australia's disillusion with Labor's Dr. Evatt, whose reputation has suffered ever since some of his aides were mentioned in the Petrov spy case. It was the third general election lost by Evatt, and it put his continued leadership of the Labor Party in serious doubt. There was even a chance that, when final results were in, Evatt would lose his own seat in Parliament.

## CYPRUS

### With Rod & Gun

When Governor Sir John Harding declared a state of emergency in Cyprus last month, he decreed jail sentences for demonstrating, death for carrying firearms and "up to twelve strokes with cane, birch or rod" for rioting by schoolboys. But still the agitation for *enosis* (union) with Greece continued. Last week four British Tommies were shot down by Sten gunfire from a passing car; a

\* Said the editor of *Burke's Peerage*: "It really shakes me. A most unfortunate innovation—something which may result in peers becoming confused with American band leaders like Duke Ellington and Count Basie." Nevertheless, there have been previous one-name earldoms: Earl Jowitt, Earl Haig. Attlee's son and heir will be Viscount Prestwood of Walthamstow (Attlee's constituency since 1950).

grenade tossed into an army truck killed its driver.

Reluctantly, Field Marshal Harding ordered a search for hidden weapons in more than a score of Greek Orthodox monasteries and nunneries. An army spokesman refused to "say at this time whether the nuns were frisked," but a monk who was carrying an icon-engraved box containing two revolvers was arrested.

While these irritations multiplied, the British in London oddly believed that conditions were about ripe for a settlement. In the House of Commons last week, British Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan stated publicly for the first time that he was prepared to promise Cyprus the right to self-determination. This assurance was once thought to be all that Archbishop Makarios III, the *enosis* leader, was waiting for. Instead, the 42-year-old archbishop dismissed Macmillan's pledge as unsatisfactory because Macmillan had not said when or how.

## EGYPT

### Granite Wall

In the busy days after the 1952 revolution which brought him to power, Lieut. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser received a visitor who, by wide repute, was a purveyor of quaint and useless notions. His claim: he had solved the problem that for 7,000 years had resisted solution, the taming of the Nile. Nasser called in a trusted engineer, who said, "The man's crazy." "That may be," Egypt's new young boss replied, "but don't come back until you're sure." The crazy idea was to build a dam barely 300 feet high which would back up the Nile's waters for 400 miles.

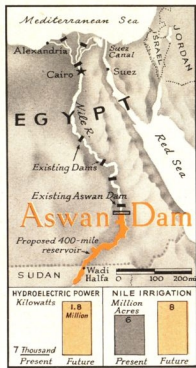
Men have dammed the Nile in many places, but still it drifts sluggishly for half the year leaving much good land parched, and then spews its silt-laden floodwaters, wasted, into the Mediterranean. Dams upstream in Ethiopia, Uganda and the Sudan are out of Egypt's control and too far to bring electric power. Since the Nile drops an average of only six inches per mile, Nasser's not-so-crazy visitor saw that one big dam would do much to meet the nation's needs.

The new Aswan Dam (see map) would create the world's largest man-made lake, three times as long as Hoover Dam's Lake Mead and with a capacity of 105 million acre-feet of water. It would multiply Egypt's electric-power supply eight-fold and irrigate 2,000,000 new acres, expanding Egypt's farmland by 30% and the national income by 25%. At \$1.3 billion for the dam and irrigation works, the cost, reckoned at \$650 per acre of new irrigated land, is a bargain by comparison with some projects in the U.S. West. Raising the money was Nasser's problem.

Wherever he could make a deal—in East and West Germany, in France and Red China—the Premier has been peddling cotton in exchange for trucks, bulldozers and generators needed for the dam. But Egypt still had to find more than \$400 million in foreign exchange. For two

years, the World Bank mulled over Nasser's request for a loan. It wanted guarantees that the dam was feasible, that Egyptian finance was stable, and that there would be no graft. Not until Russia recently charged forward with an offer of \$300 million for the Aswan Dam did things begin to stir in Washington. The U.S. decided at last to underwrite the Egyptian investment.

Last week the World Bank was polishing the fine print in the terms for a \$200 million loan, and the U.S. State Department steeled itself to ask Congress for perhaps \$200 million more, spread out



Time Map by J. Donovan

over the ten years that the dam will take to build. With hopes for another loan from Britain, Premier Nasser can afford to turn down the Russian offer and still stop up the Nile with a mighty wall, not of concrete but of granite blocks, just like the ones that pyramids were made of.

## SAUDI ARABIA

### Decay in the Desert

In the wake of Khrushchev and Bulganin, another spectacular but distinctly different visitor made his triumphal way across India last week. He was moose-tall (6 ft. 6 in.) King Saud of Arabia, 53, ruler over Islam's holiest places and the world's richest oil lands. His party of 234, including nine royal princes and a dozen sheiks, was seven times as large as that which accompanied Bulganin and Khrushchev. When some of India's 40 million Moslems tried to garland the King's head with flowers, strapping bodyguards, slung with pistols, gold-hilted scimitars and

jeweled daggers, stepped in to intercept them.

As one of the last absolute monarchs on earth, King Saud prefers to give, rather than receive, on his travels. Visiting Iran earlier this year, he presented the Queen with diamond jewelry worth \$900,000. After attending the 1953 coronation of King Feisal, he presented the Iraqis who looked after him with a fabulous tip: \$80,000 in cash, two Cadillacs and a Chevrolet. Last week he presented Prime Minister Nehru's daughter Indira with a golden headband and a diamond-studded wristwatch.

At Simla he gave \$400 for one cup of tea, and when his car flattened a farmer's chicken on the road, the owner received \$40 in kingly recompense. At Benares, after getting an honorary degree, His Majesty donated \$10,000 to a university students' union; at Aligarh he gave \$600 to his car drivers. During a few days in New Delhi, his party spent \$100,000 in gift shops for gold-threaded cloth, sandalwood and ivory bric-a-brac for the wives back home.

**The Missing Billion.** King Saud's largesse is the talk of the Eastern world. But because the son of the late great Ibn Saud has never deigned to publish a statement of his revenues and expenditures, nobody knows precisely what use he has made of the underground wealth that Allah bestowed on him. In *The Middle East, Oil and the Great Powers*, published last week in Manhattan (Praeger; \$7), Dr. Benjamin Shwadran, editor of the scholarly magazine *Middle Eastern Affairs*, offers the best documented analysis to date of how the government's 50-50 share of oil profits has been lavished on a Saudi Arabian Nights.

Last year, 20 years after old Ibn Saud brought in U.S. oilmen and the golden flood began to spout out of the Arabian American Oil Co.'s wells, the government received an income in royalties and taxes of about \$200 million—and managed to spend it all and \$50 million besides. Since World War II, according to Shwadran's calculations, the King of Saudi Arabia has run through \$1.4 billion paid him by the oil companies.

Where has it all gone? Certainly not much of it to better the lot of the country's estimated 5,000,000 citizens. Says Shwadran: "Life expectancy in Saudi Arabia is 33 years; tuberculosis is prevalent; 70% of the population have trachoma, and at least 40% suffer from syphilis. In 1950 it was estimated that the per capita income was only \$45." London's Anti-Slavery Society calculates that as many as a quarter of a million Saudi Arabians may actually be living still in slavery. Yet, taking some sketchy budget figures published a few years ago, Shwadran notes that royal household affairs were allotted \$27.9 million, compared with \$10.7 million for public health, education and social services combined. The estimates also listed \$36 million for defense, \$27 million to pay debts, and \$44 million for "General Development."

without, says Shwadrán, providing any "clue as to whether it was for wealth-producing projects or some capricious projects of the King's." Shwadrán believes that the actual sums dispensed in gifts to princelings and subsidies to sheiks vastly exceed these airy estimates.

**The Price of a Throne.** No such commanding warrior as his warrior father, King Saud has had to buy allegiance. Some Middle East specialists estimate that he pays out more than \$50 million a year to keep desert tribes loyal. Ibn Saud had a father's control over his 40-odd sons. Saud has only the stature of eldest brother, and the power of his purse. There is inevitable rivalry with his brother, Crown Prince Faisal, though the old King, when death was near, made the two swear on the Koran never to oppose each other.

In all, 322 princes of the royal blood get \$32,000 a year apiece plus expenses (upkeep of palaces, cars, travel allowances); and those who hold office (four of ten Cabinet members are royal princes) get \$320,000 each a year plus expenses.

At sun-baked Riyadh, where old Ibn Saud lived for decades in conspicuous austerity, his offspring spread out over the desert in a \$50 million complex of government buildings, palaces, fountains, swimming pools and gardens. Three new air-conditioned palaces now under construction in Jidda, Riyadh and Taif will bring the King's personal total of palaces to 24. Though the country boasts only 200 miles of surfaced roads, it continues to rate as the best Cadillac market east of Suez (\$250 sold this year). In a country which must import half its food, the most noteworthy farm-development project is operated on 1,800 irrigated acres at Al Kharj oasis, near Riyadh—primarily for the benefit of the royal family tables.

Probably the world's top Saudi Arabia authority is H. St. John Philby, the British Orientalist who served for years as King Ibn Saud's adviser. Recently in the London *Sunday Times* Philby delivered a harsh judgment on what he called "the Scandal of Saudi Arabia." A few roads, waterworks at Riyadh, Mecca and other places, some hospitals, a few public buildings, and the 350-mile railway that Arabian American Oil Co. built to connect Saud's capital with the Persian Gulf are about the only constructive achievements that he can find to list to the regime's credit. All the rest of the oil wealth, a billion dollars or more, has gone down the drain, he says, in "vast private fortunes accumulated and invested safely beyond the borders . . . vast expenditures by princes and officials on the lighter side of life . . ."

**The Police State.** As the profligacy of King Saud's household has increased, says Philby, his tyranny has tightened. Whenever his subjects, usually students and other sons of traders enriched by his extravagance, have shown signs of political restiveness, the King has invoked his father's stern Moslem laws to repress them. To Philby, who saw Ibn Saud's



KING SAUD & HOSTS IN DELHI'S RED FORT  
Where virtue once reigned, wealth became merit.

Keystone

tribesmen sweep the deserts in their puritanical Wahhabi zeal and fury, this is the surest sign of the regime's decay and advancing doom. Says he: "The fountain of Arab chivalry has been fouled with oil; and the mouths of the preachers and the prophets have been stopped with gold . . . Where virtue reigned on a scale which some may have thought exaggerated, wealth has become the only criterion of merit . . . The common thief still forfeits his hand, the common adulterer his head, but the higher spheres of society, where speculation and vice are practiced on an impressive scale, live their lives in their own way with complete immunity from censure or sanctions. In a recent case, indeed, a respectable member of the [Moslem] Virtue Committee was consigned to prison for daring to criticize the laxity of the regime. Laymen have suffered similarly for the same offense, and foreigners banished. Almost imperceptibly a police state has usurped the functions of the sovereign Islamic law."

## CHINA

### Come to the Fair

For the past year a mammoth road show, designed to extol and illustrate the glories of life in the Soviet Union, has been touring the great cities of Red China. With more than 11,000 individual displays, the Exhibition on Economic and Cultural Achievements of the Soviet Union has impressed capacity crowds in Peking and Shanghai with the wonder of such purported commonplaces of Russian life as nylon stockings, sable stoles, wristwatches, farm machinery, tractors, trucks, and ladies' high-heeled slippers.

Last month, after the Russian fair moved on to a specially built \$2,000,000 pavilion in Canton, the Red propagandists decided to go after more skeptical game

—the free Chinese in nearby Hong Kong and Macao.

**Spies Welcome.** Red newspapers in Hong Kong burgeoned with glowing advertisements promising "preferential treatments" in the form of cheap transportation, lodging and meals, and an almost complete relaxation of border restrictions to any Hong Kong or Macao Chinese who wanted to see the show. "All are welcome," promised the governor of Kwantung Province. "Even those who have been spies are not excluded, so long as they don't carry out their activities this time." By last week, as the fair drew to a close, some 20,000 had jumped at the offer.

Many of the sightseers who left the security of British and Portuguese territory to see the show were local Communists or employees of banks and other businesses under Communist control; many were merchants of supposedly neutral persuasion who were perfectly willing to see something good in Communism provided there was money in it. By far the greatest number were ex-Cantonese who seized the chance to see their home and perhaps their relatives once again.

All of them had been promised plenty of free time to do what they liked in the Communist city, but after arriving and being herded in small, carefully chaperoned groups through hour after hour of exhibits and lectures, few found more than an hour or two in their four-day visit to look up old friends. And when they got to their old neighborhoods, they were surrounded by neighborhood reception committees and could only cry "How are you?" to their families in public. A handful got to see their families alone. In such cases, the families had been cross-questioned in advance by Communist officials. One family told a visitor: "When you go back, please say some-



thing good about the exhibition or don't say anything."

**Never Go Back.** Whether from genuine persuasion or from fear, some followed the injunction. One who had entertained some doubt as to whether Russian women habitually wore sable returned thoroughly persuaded. "The plain facts were before us," he said. "There is such a country in the world, and the lives of its people are happy." But others were less convinced. One former Cantonese girl, returning with a set of printed postcards given her by a friend, was grilled for an hour at the border by agitated Communist officials demanding to know where she had hidden her camera and negatives to take such pictures. "As soon as I got back into Hong Kong," she said later, "I wiped the sweat off my brow, looked back at the Communist flag and spat. I'll never go back into that world again unless that flag is torn down."

## JAPAN

### Yes, We Have No Fukeiki

Instead of saying "Good morning," Japanese businessmen in Osaka traditionally say "*Moh-kari-makka?*" (Are you making any money?) Only a year ago, the answer was a doleful no. The cutback in U.S. procurement following the Korean peace had demoralized dollar-happy industrialists and spotted Japanese headlines with the word *fukeiki* (depression). But last week the same businessmen, answering the traditional question, beamed a confident yes.

❑ Industrial production was up 13% over 1954, some 85% above 1934-36.

❑ The grain crop was 70 million bushels above average, 93 million bushels above last year.

❑ Steel production was up 12.8% over 1954, and machine building was 157% above the prewar level.

❑ Japan had moved from seventh to third place among the world's shipbuilders, led only by Great Britain and West Germany and far outdistancing the U.S.

**Santas & Spenders.** Last week in predominantly non-Christian Japan, Tokyo's big department stores vied with each other in hiring Santa Claus and putting up Christmas trees. The streets were jammed with automobiles (twice as many as in 1954), and at Keio University, campus parking was restricted because of the increase in student-owned cars. In ten months the number of TV sets in Japan had increased from 44,000 to 103,000.

"Kobe Wanted" signs are out this week in Kobe and Yokohama and in Osaka girl cotton workers are whipping about on roller skates to speed movement up and down the humming spindle lines. In Osaka's neon-doused Dotombori section, cabarets and bars are putting up "Off Limits to Foreigners" signs in recognition of the fact that Japanese businessmen, and not G.I.s, are today's big spenders.

Finance Minister Hisato Ichimada had slashed imports, forced industrialists to export. Said he, stumping the factories: "Never mind about making more mouse-

traps. Just make better mousetraps." This year Japan made better mousetraps in the shape of cashmere sweaters, fine fabrics and china, and the world came flocking to her door.

In the first nine months of 1955, the U.S. imported Japanese goods worth \$331 million, twice as much as in the same period last year, while Britain and Europe took all they could buy. Result: at the end of the current fiscal year, Japan expects that her visible exports will have reached the postwar high of \$1.94 billion.

**Talking Poor Mouth.** Behind the Japanese businessman's broad smile lies an uneasy feeling. Said a Tokyo industrialist last week: "I regard the present prosperity as I do my stomach when it is full of rice. I can see it. I can feel it. Even so, I keep on wondering how long it will be before I am hungry again." Some of



Overseas Photos, Tokyo

TOKYO DEPARTMENT STORE  
"Moh-kari-makka?" Yes!

Japan's uneasiness arises from other nations' efforts to restrict Japan's trade. Some 14 of the 35 members of GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) have refused to grant Japan trade privileges promised other members; Canada and Venezuela are considering restricting Japanese products; India complains that Japanese products are competing seriously with Indian products; U.S. garment manufacturers are squawking about the importation of Japanese blouses (up 1,000% this year). In southeast Asia, Japan has run smack into the new Communist trade bloc, which sometimes sells below cost for political gains. Trade with Red China shows no sign of increasing.

Recently Japanese economists added a new phrase to the growing vocabulary of economic caution: what Japan was experiencing, they said, was no boom but *suruyo keiki*—quantitative prosperity. One good reason for talking poor mouth while enjoying prosperity: when word gets out

how well Japan is doing, other Asiatic nations think that Japan can afford to pay higher World War II reparations, and the U.S. Government thinks the Japanese can spend more of their budget (currently about 15%) to provide for their own defense.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Paradise Lost

As the capital of French colonialism in Indo-China, Saigon nurtured some of Asia's fanciest fleshpots. Among them: an elegant bordello called the *Dai La Thien* (Paradise), with 300 silken-clad girls who entertained in mirrored cubicles; the *Grand Monde* gambling establishment, which earned enough to pay \$10,000 a day in taxes; Madame Paula's satin-draped opium parlor, where a pipe cost 75 piasters (against 5 at lower-class establishments), and the customers ranged in rank up to diplomats and generals.

To Premier Ngo Dinh Diem, this sort of thing was an offense both to his religious principles (he is Roman Catholic) and to Viet Nam's dignity. Last January he closed down the *Grand Monde* and the rest of the city's public gambling joints. Progressively thereafter, he ordered the city's nightclubs to close at 2 a.m., regulated the striptease trade to extinction, and ordered the swimming pool at the *Cercle Sportif*, Asia's leading parade ground for bikinis, to close through the dry season.

Next, his police moved on the 500-odd opium dens in South Viet Nam, and in closing them down, undertook a campaign to rehabilitate some 20,000 addicts. Thousands of confiscated bamboo pipes—kindled by stacks of pornographic literature—were burned in Saigon's central marketplace, and antivegetarian dragons whirled through the streets. Madame Paula turned up working in a pastry shop.

Next came the brothels, but with somewhat less success. As police entered the *Dai La Thien* and the *Parc aux Buffles* (Stockyard), a lower-class emporium with a mere 200 population, scores of girls scrambled to safety over back walls. In some other places, indignant Foreign Legion and Vietnamese troops stood off the cops with rifles, and opposition from the military generally was so strong that Diem later exempted field brothels from the ban.

The bulk of the city's 2,000 licensed prostitutes simply vanished—back to their families, to nearby Cambodia, or to emergency havens provided by rich customers (who paid the madams up to 10,000 piasters for the privilege). But the back of the racket nevertheless was broken. Last week Diem's police began stripping the *Dai La Thien* of its mirrors and nude murals, to convert it into a school for ex-prostitutes, teaching them such trades as sewing and nursing. To discourage girls from reverting to their old trade, police announced that customers caught patronizing them would be jailed until their wives applied for their release.





# WISE MEN STILL SEEK HIM

★ ★ ★ Moses sought Him on a mountain; St. Augustine in his books; Washington at Valley Forge; Albert Schweitzer in the heat of the African jungle; President Eisenhower in his own heart and the hearts of his people; Konrad Adenauer in the Cathedral of Cologne. ★ And one cold night long ago the Wise Men found Him . . . and Angels singing. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

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# THE HEMISPHERE

## THE AMERICAS

### Forthright Visitor

Uruguay's Luis Batlle Berres, as a one-time journalist and present President of a country where free speech is proudly maintained, is a man who likes plain talk. Last week, as he moved through the maze of flowery welcomes and formal functions that are the lot of leaders of friendly nations on state visits to the U.S., Batlle Berres found time to do a bit of plain talking.

At a meeting of the Council of the Organization of American States held in his honor, he sharply warned against "flooding" Latin America with surplus products, saying that it would be "ruinous to the health" of that area. Although he did not mention the U.S. by name, it was a clear reference to the recent sale of U.S. surplus wheat to Brazil. Said he, "The offer of those raw materials for soft or local currencies on long-payment terms is . . . certainly neither an orderly nor a peaceful course of action."

Before leaving Washington for Manhattan, Batlle Berres suggested that his country deserved more attention than it was getting in the U.S. "I am not saying that Uruguay has been forgotten here," he said in an interview. "We understand the preoccupation of the U.S. with the great central problems of our time. In these circumstances, a country without great problems does not command attention." But, he went on to say in a speech before the United Nations General Assembly, "if it were not for the smaller countries, the great powers would now be fighting."

Batlle Berres did not mean to be rude to his hosts. At dinner one night with U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, he apologized for his forthrightness, but explained that he did so because he was used to speaking freely for his country, and because he was talking "in this country where freedom of speech is also respected." Dulles replied that Batlle Berres' frank comments were welcome.

## CANADA

### Nehru in a Homburg

Canada's delegation to the NATO Council meeting in Paris this week is one of the strongest the country has ever sent to a world conference. Two Cabinet ministers and an even dozen other officials will accompany External Affairs Chief Lester Bowles ("Mike") Pearson to Paris.

Ever since his return last month from a visit to the Soviet Union, Pearson has been calling for "a searching re-examination" of NATO policy. Soviet Leaders Khrushchev and Bulganin apparently convinced him of the Russians' determination never to allow the unification of Germany as long as West Germany stays in the alliance. Mike Pearson, whose neutralist views have led some critics to call him



George Cserna

PRESIDENT BATLLE BERRES  
Frank words, plainly spoken.

a "Nehru in a Homburg," has hinted that he now leans toward the idea of releasing West Germany from NATO in the hope that the Russians would then free the entire country. The West Germans, of course, do not want any such "bargain." Pearson dodged with practiced skill, but did not deny it when a correspondent asked whether he would raise this issue in Paris. "We'd better wait and see," he said. "That's a very good question."

## ARGENTINA

### "Wealth Recovery"

The chief aims of President Pedro Aramburu and the officers around him—as mirrored by their own words and deeds—took firm shape last week. They intend to wipe out the cult of Juan Perón, free the economy from strangling Peronist controls and then run off fair elections. The week saw dramatic steps toward all three ends.

**Deperonization.** "To recover stolen wealth," a government decree confiscated the property of 263 persons and 68 corporations alleged to have grown fat under Perón. A National Wealth Recovery Board was empowered to administer the seized property as it saw fit. Most conspicuous on the list, except for Perón himself\* and his late wife Eva, was Tycoon Jorge Antonio, 38, who rose in the last decade from a hospital orderly to the possessor of a fortune reported to total \$215 million (rolled up in Mercedes-Benz cars, Capehart radios and phonographs, grains, publishing, radio and TV).

The Buenos Aires press, reveling in its new-found freedom, backed Revolutionary General Aramburu with a unanimity such as Perón, for all his powers and pressures, never quite commanded. *Democracia*, a paper that Perón used to favor with his own editorial comments, coyly signed "Descartes," commented approvingly, "This is not vengeance but justice." Asked

\* Who last week applied for a visa to go to Mexico where, according to his Mexican friend Lawyer Hector Ponce Sánchez, he was considering investing "part of his savings" in a Chihuahua cattle ranch.



Fritz Zuchowek

HOLY DAY MASS IN BUENOS AIRES' PLAZA DE MAYO  
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ARPREGE

*El Laborista*, "Is it not proof of wrongdoing to have a billion pesos when one started with nothing ten years ago?" So bitter was the feeling against the Peronista fat cats that no one even asked whether confiscation was constitutional, or a safe precedent.

Toward its other main aims, the government:

¶ Resisted panic over a dollar flight through the now-legalized black market that drove the peso from 30 per dollar to 37, and doggedly insisted instead that it intends to remove remaining controls, thus freeing the peso completely.

¶ Announced that no member of the present government would seek office in the promised elections, and renounced the military's "right" to stage revolutions.

**An Issue Deferred.** Significantly, the new government's announced aims did not include any basic overhaul of church-state relations. An attempt to disestablish the Roman Catholic Church was one of the main causes of Perón's fall, and Aramburu apparently prefers to leave the church's future status to his elected successor.

But last week the issue crowded in anyway, when ardent Catholics planned to turn the Feast of the Immaculate Conception into a political demonstration for the immediate return of all church privileges. The government sternly banned politicking—but cooperated wholeheartedly in staging a public holiday Mass in Buenos Aires' Plaza de Mayo, facing Government House. Result: one of the biggest throngs in the plaza's history—150,000—calmly gathered and calmly went away, leaving the church-state issue just where Aramburu wanted it: deftly deferred.

## VENEZUELA

### Creole: Good Neighbor

With what was perhaps the best-spent \$135 million in the history of business, the Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) in 1932 bought oil concessions under Lake Maracaibo to add to its Venezuelan affiliates. Now the Creole Petroleum Corp. (formed from those affiliates) is the biggest overseas investment in any single country by any U.S. company. It is also Jersey's best money earner, accounting for 48% of the parent company's dividend income in 1954. All by itself, Creole provides Venezuela with about 30% of government revenue. This week, in its fourth study entitled *U.S. Business Performance Abroad*, the National Planning Association took a searching look at Creole.

**Good Citizenship.** "On the whole," said N.P.A. "the story is a good one." Creole plays the good citizen of Venezuela principally by paying its taxes; it pioneered, between 1943 and 1948, the historic agreement with the government by which the company pays half its profits to Venezuela, the owner of the underground crude. But according to N.P.A., Creole also:

¶ Pays top wages. Common laborers earn \$6 a day, foremen \$13, plus so many fringe benefits, e.g., Sunday pay, year-end bonuses, housing, schooling, hospital care and cheap commissary supplies, that real

wages are nearly triple normal wages.

¶ "Lives in a fishbowl." Example: in response to Venezuelan suspicions that Creole might be selling oil cheap to Jersey's refining and marketing organizations, deliberately cutting its profits and therefore the government's oil income, Creole initiated clarifying discussions between the government and those companies.

¶ Gives preference to Venezuelans in employment. Nine out of ten Creole employees are Venezuelans; even on the supervisory "staff," the percentage of Venezuelans has gone from 22% to 40% in eight years. Two of the 13 directors are Venezuelans, and training programs encourage Venezuelans to go to the top.

¶ Demands that its non-Venezuelan employees speak Spanish.

The effect: "Creole is widely accepted today among the Venezuelan people as a good and constructive force."

**Community Integration.** Currently, N.P.A. reported, Creole is taking an imaginative new step: community integration. Instead of running towns, schools, hospitals and commissaries in the pattern dictated by early-day, oil-camp needs, the company is turning over such services to new agencies and local businessmen. For example, a company school and hospital have been leased to religious orders, and the company has helped finance two privately owned supermarkets.

So far, community integration has not proved popular. It breaks a paternalism that Creole workers have come to like, and it bucks the Latin American tradition of centralized rather than community government. The plan is also open to the charge that Creole is evading established responsibilities. The company replies that "social progress is accelerated by the encouragement of individual initiative," and insists that it will still pay its bills, e.g., tuition for workers' children. Company officials patiently look forward to the time when onetime company towns will be self-governing communities of self-respecting homeowners, and Creole will get credit for a big new contribution to Venezuela's development.

## BRAZIL

### Word from the Army

Brazilian army leaders carried out their bloodless "preventive revolution" (TIME, Nov. 21) with the avowed intention of seeing to it that President-elect Juscelino Kubitschek is duly inaugurated on Jan. 31. But a.e. they also willing to guarantee the inauguration of leftist, controversial Vice President-elect João Goulart? The many Brazilians who dislike and mistrust "Jango" Goulart were eager to believe rumors that army chiefs, would try to pressure him into resigning his claim to the vice-presidency. In a statement to the press last week, War Minister Henrique Teixeira Lott squelched the rumors. "If the electoral tribunal declares Senhor Goulart elected," he said, "he must be inaugurated. The fact that I, for example, did not vote for him is no reason for me to oppose his inauguration."

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## PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

As long as Amateur Meteorologist **Harry S. (for Swinomish)\* Truman** occupied the White House, he was the capital's first-served recipient of the daily map issued by the U.S. Weather Bureau. Often, before Early Riser Truman signed a single document in the stack he found on his desk each morning, he would first plow through the fronts, temperatures and meandering isobars, check his own predictions against the experts' forecasts. In Kansas City last week, Truman confided that, although it is now impractical for the bureau to send him the big maps he used to fuss with, he "sure would like to get them" again. Weatherman Truman sided with the much-maligned experts, too. Asked why Kansas City had been blanketed by an unexpected snow that very morning, Harry Truman chuckled: "If you had looked at the weather map, you would have seen it was in the cards."

In Brussels, comely Countess **Alvina Van Limburg Stirum**, 43, was asked about rumors that she will soon be engaged to the ex-suitor of Britain's **Princess Margaret**, Group Captain **Peter Townsend**, 41, an air attaché at Britain's local embassy. Snorted she: "Absolute nonsense." Seconded Townsend: "Complete nonsense." Added the countess: "I have a close sporting friendship with Captain Townsend." Back in England, meanwhile, Margaret's life seemed much the mixture as before. Looking a trifle wan (she was getting over a cold), the Princess ventured out to see a preview of next

\* The Truman middle initial stood for nothing until last month, when, at a Seattle powwow to raise funds for his library, the former President formally accepted the honorary middle name pinned upon him by the chief of Washington State's Swinomish Indian tribe.



PRINCESS MARGARET  
Stars under the eyes.

year's fashions. Stars, once often seen in her impish eyes, were spangled a veil pendant from her hat of brushed wool.

A technician whose best known preoccupation is reaching for the moon, famed German-born Rocketeer **Werner von Braun**, went in the opposite direction, harnessed himself into skindiving apparatus and plunged into a tank at Miami's Seaquarium for a submarine safari. Also an underwater hunter, Spaceman von Braun recently bagged a 50-lb. grouper in the shallows off Florida's west coast.

New Jersey's ex-Governor **Charles Edison**, son of matchless Inventor **Thomas Alva Edison**, took the wrappings off a



SPACEMAN VON BRAUN  
Depths beneath the moon.

Christmas present to the U.S. In the package: Genius Edison's old five-building laboratory in West Orange, N.J., his gabled Victorian house near by, his library of some 10,000 books, most of the earliest working models of his inventive "firsts." Among the heirlooms: the first universal stock-market ticker, the first successful phonograph, the first commercially practical incandescent light bulb, the first generator to produce electricity efficiently. The National Park Service will become caretaker of the Edison gifts next year, run the home as a historic site, reopen the musty old lab as a national monument.

U.S. Ambassador to Spain **John Davis Lodge** flew to his homeland with some unique bits of luggage, two checks totaling \$28,350, the sum raised through public



United Press  
DIPLOMATS JOHN & CABOT LODGE  
Snipers on the prattlefield.

subscription by Spanish charities for aiding victims of last summer's floods in the northeastern U.S. This rare species of foreign aid in reverse was, as the head of Caritas (Spain's Catholic charity organization) told Lodge, grateful reciprocation for U.S. help to Spain, "an atomic bomb of love." Next day, Diplomat Lodge exposed himself to the fire of verbal snipers and creeping badinage on an international prattlefield in the U.N. General Assembly in Manhattan, where he provided a study in family profiles alongside his brother, chief U.S. representative to the U.N. **Henry Cabot Lodge**.

With the loftiest echelons of Britain's peering and of its military and political realms on hand—all of them got up in decorations and white ties—cherubic but halting **Sir Winston Churchill**, 81, showed up in London's stately Drapers' Hall to claim the first Williamsburg Award, Oil Heir **Winthrop Rockefeller**, now an Arkansas squire, presented the tokens of the honor to Sir Winston on behalf of the trustees of Colonial Williamsburg, the historic Virginia town restored to its original 18th century state with some \$60 million of Rockefeller money. Sir Winston smiled, accepted his \$10,000 cash award, plus a silver copy of old Williamsburg's town crier's bell. Said Sir Winston: "I shall ring it whenever I feel there is duty to be done!" Duty called instantly. Puckishly popping a big cigar into his mouth, Churchill began clanging the bell, led the chortling dignitaries straight to the bar, where Britain's newest peer, **Earl Clement R. Attlee**, 72, retired that very day as Labor Party leader (see FOREIGN NEWS), soon joined him. "Well, Clem," said Churchill, "thank God you had sense enough to resign. You won't regret it." Quipped his lordship in reply: "This is the first time in the last 32 years that I feel completely irresponsible!" A bit later, Sir Winston left the hall, still merrily ringing his Williamsburg bell.



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*Smuggler*

SCOTCH with a History

## More Than Enough

Gone were the gaudiest characters—the clowning dwarf, the private golf pro, the personal barber—who had ridden the coattails of the champ. When Sugar Ray Robinson arrived in Chicago last week, a challenger once more for the middle-weight title he had given up when he retired in 1952, his entourage had been trimmed to a modest number that included his wife, his son, a cook, a valet, a personal bodyguard, a sparring partner, two trainers, two managers and two press-agents. For a man of Sugar's high tastes, his relative economy suggested that he meant business.

Few fight fans were impressed. Champion Bobo Olson, 27, was far from a tiger. Sugar himself had beaten the balding Hawaiian beach boy twice in the past: Light-Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore took Bobo apart last summer. But at 35, Sugar seemed stale and slow. His comeback so far had been unimpressive; in January he was beaten by a clumsy trial horse, Tiger Jones. "I've had to come a long way," he admitted himself, "a lot further than people believe. The hard part was to keep faith in myself when everybody else was knocking me. Just my faith in God, my wife and my own self have kept me going."

At the end of the long, tough training grind, Sugar seemed to have recovered some of his old confidence. On his last day in training camp, he nodded toward two of his sparring partners—aggressive, Olson-type plodders—and asked his managers, "We won't be needing these gorillas any more, will we?" "No," said the managers. So, one after the other, headguards and all, Sugar knocked the men stiff.

In the ring with Bobo, he was just as

brisk. For one round he danced and jabbed, held in the clinches and saved his strength. The old snap was back in his punches, though, and the perfect timing. Again and again, Sugar suckered his man into a lead and caught him with a wicked counterpunch. The question was: How long could Sugar stand the pace?

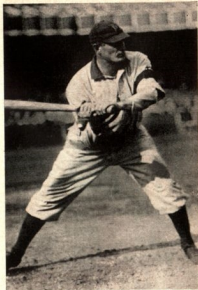
The challenger did not hang around for an answer. Early in the second round Bobo crowded in and Sugar shoved him off. Carelessly, Bobo tapped his gloves together in a meaningless gesture. In that instant the challenger became Sugar Ray Robinson, the champion. His right whipped out and clouted Bobo on the head, bouncing him off balance. His left followed, flush on the face. Bobo went down for good.

Once Sugar Ray had been the best fighter, pound for pound, in the professional prize ring. He would never be that good again, but he was still good enough.

## Baseball's Best

Year after year the fights rage around the hot stove: who were the greatest baseball players of all? Every fan has his favorites; naming an all-star team\* is one sure way to start an argument. Should Collins be put ahead of Lajoie at second? Was Gehrig better than Sisler on first? Only at one position is there no competition. The tallest tales oldtimers tell ring true when they talk about Shortstop John Peter Wagner.

\* A representative roster: Pitchers Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson, Catchers Bill Dickey and Roger Bresnahan, First Basemen Lou Gehrig and George Sisler, Second Basemen Eddie Collins and Napoleon Lajoie, Third Basemen Pie Traynor and Jimmy Collins, Outfielders Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams, Mel Ott.

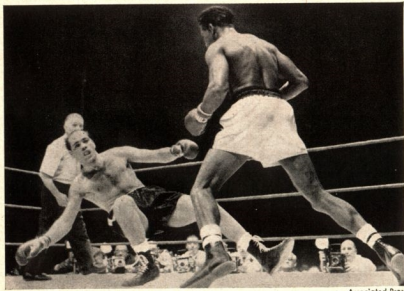


WAGNER AT THE PLATE (1911)  
"The Dutchman'll be there."

A bowlegged, ham-handed lad whose arms hung down to his knees, "Hans" Wagner was a Pennsylvania coal miner at twelve, a barber a few years later, when he came up to the light and air. Then in 1895 he tried semipro baseball. Big League managers who looked him over were scared off by his clumsy walking gait. Only Ed Barrow, who later built up the New York Yankees, stuck around to watch popeyed as the fleet-footed Wagner covered ground in tremendous toadlike leaps, smothered the ball in his huge hands. Barrow wasted no time signing the youngster to play for his Paterson, N.J. team.

One-Handed Clown. Hans was eager, a quiet workhorse and an immediate hit. While they marveled at his growth as a ballplayer, his teammates corrupted his nickname to "Honus" and made him the butt of their jokes. Without half trying, Honus added to his reputation as a clown. Once, playing first base, he shoved his big right paw into his hip pocket for a plug of chewing tobacco. Sam McMackin, the Paterson pitcher, went into his windup. Honus shouted for time; he waved his gloved hand and jumped wildly to attract McMackin's attention. McMackin pitched anyway. The batter grounded to short. Honus covered the bag, reached out to make a one-handed catch and came running to the dugout for help. His right fist was still stuck fast, curled around the tobacco in his hip pocket. Ed Barrow had to cut him loose with a penknife.

Honus played every position but catcher, and played them all well. In 1897, he moved up to the Louisville Colonels; later he switched to the Pittsburgh Pirates where he settled down at shortstop. If he still looked awkward, his huge hands dug grounders out of the dirt with flawless ease. Those long arms could whip a ball across the infield too fast for the fastest runner. His lifetime fielding average was .946. At the plate Honus was a ser-



SUGAR RAY ROBINSON KNOCKING OUT BOBO OLSON  
He came a lot further than anyone knows.

Associated Press



## In Chicago, His Sword is Famous...

To lovers of fine food in Chicago, and all over America, the waiter clad in hunting pinks and carrying a flaming sword means "Pump Room". The "cowboy" waiters of the College Inn Porterhouse are also famed far and wide.

Unusual? Yes! But equally unusual is the fact that both restaurants—which most certainly boast Chicago's two truly great cuisines—are housed in Chicago's two finest hotels. The Pump Room is in the Ambassador Hotel, the College Inn Porterhouse is in the Hotel Sherman. We don't believe there is another city in America where you can enjoy the finest food in town right in your own hotel.

So, when you next visit our city, let the fame of Chicago's finest restaurants guide you to Chicago's finest hotels. You will agree that the accommodations and service, as well as the food, are flawless in every respect. Suites and rooms provide television, radio and air-conditioning.

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ious, spread-legged terror. For 17 consecutive seasons he hit better than .300 for a lifetime average of .329. In each of eight separate seasons he stole more than 40 bases. Before he quit as an active player in 1917, he had set a National League record of 3,430 hits, played in a record 2,785 games.

**Mild-Mannered Dutchman.** Among his tough-talking contemporaries, Honus was a quiet competitor. But men who tried to take advantage of him learned a hard lesson. In a game against the high-riding Baltimore Orioles, famed as the roughest of them all, Honus was done out of a triple when the first baseman hit him with his hip, the shortstop forced him to circle wide around second and John McGraw on third had time to tag him in the teeth with the ball. "Are you going to take that?" snarled Honus' manager, Fred Clarke. Honus bided his time, hit another triple, ran right over the first baseman, scared the shortstop out of his path and tore into third so hard he almost belted McGraw back into the grandstand.

In a 1909 World Series game with Detroit, tiger-tempered Ty Cobb hit a single and yelled across the diamond to Honus: "I'm coming down on the next pitch, you left-footed clown. Watch out for your shins." Honus answered calmly, "The Dutchman'll be there, sonny." The Dutchman was, Cobb tried to steal on the next pitch; Honus covered second, neatly sidestepped the flying spikes and tagged Ty in the mouth.

For 10 years after he stopped playing, the old Dutchman stuck with the game as a Pirate coach. Until Honus died last week in Carnegie, Pa. at 81, the Wagner legend kept growing in the memories of men who had seen him at his best. Their fondest fiction was no better than the truth.

## Tennis Lesson

When he comes home from his first professional tennis tour, U.S. Amateur Champion Tony Trabert will be \$75,000 richer—a nice reward for polishing his game by playing with Pancho Gonzalez, pro champion of the world.

Tony took his first instruction last week in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, and for two sets it looked as if he had a chance of upsetting his master. His serve had a wicked hop; his volleys were too sharp to handle. He went out in front 11-9, 6-3. Across the net, Pancho looked off form. Playing it pretty, he sliced and chopped, tried to keep Tony off balance and never got unwound himself.

In the third set, Pancho took over. His big serve was bigger than anything Tony had tried to handle before. He began to get some length on his drives, and he kept the crew-cut newcomer away from the net. His sneakers whispered across the canvas as he covered court like a swarthy cat. He won, 6-3.

After that, Tony was through. Now and then he still walloped the ball with authority, but he was learning a valuable lesson: power alone is not enough against the best pros. Pancho—leaner and harder than he



Pro CHAMPION GONZALEZ

A big cat whispered.

ever was during his brief career as a light-hearted amateur tournament traveler—ran Tony right off the court, 6-2, 6-2. It left Promoter Jack Kramer with a real problem: Can Tony learn his trade fast enough to make the tour a success? If not, Big Jake will have to go back in training himself, and Tony's first-tour salary will seem much smaller as it stretches out over thinner seasons.

## Scoreboard

Major-league career as a Brooklyn Dodger, Catcher Roy Campanella was elected Most Valuable Player in the National League. (Campy's other awards were in 1951 and '53.) Only other three-time winner in the National League: the St. Louis Cardinals' Stan Musial (1943, '46, '48).

Statisticians finally finished wading through the columns of figures they kept so carefully all during baseball season, computed the averages and named the Philadelphia Phillies' Center Fielder Richie Ashburn National League batting champion. Ashburn's average: .338. Other National League championships: Most Home Runs: the Giants' Willie Mays, with 51; Most Runs Batted In: the Dodgers' Duke Snider, with 136.

By the biggest margin ever, the American Football Coaches Association named Michigan State's Hugh ("Duffy") Daugherty Coach of the Year. After last year's sad season (when the Spartans won 3, lost 6), Duffy fielded a team that whipped Notre Dame 21-7, won all its other games but one (a 14-7 loss to Michigan), and earned a trip to the Rose Bowl.

High-school athletes seeking the best market for their talents read some intriguing news from the Pacific Coast Conference. Effective next September, hourly wages for athletes working on campus will jump from \$1.50 to \$2.00, with a monthly paycheck of \$100, rather than \$75.

# Thompson brings push-button electronics to the kindergarten

*Bell Sound Division  
develops new, light-weight  
push-button tape recorder*

**P**USH-BUTTON tape recorders now go to school! From kindergarten to college, the brand new, Thompson-made Bell push-button tape recorder is proving a valuable teaching aid to teachers and a new means of learning for pupils.

Whether a collection of 3-minute nursery rhymes or a 3-hour physics lecture, this two-speed machine captures it completely *on one tape*, to be played back whenever needed. Simple to operate with its piano key controls, this Bell recorder is moderately priced and makes an unusual and welcome Christmas gift.

You can never accidentally erase anything recorded on this Thompson-developed Bell recorder. Its fast forward speed permits quick selection of any portion of the recording; its fast-rewind speed permits quick reel changes.

Other Thompson electronic products are found in the field of communications. Thompson coaxial switches help bring radio and TV programs to you. Television cameras, HI-FI amplifiers, transcription units, and automatic controls for our newest jets are other Thompson electronic developments.

Just as Thompson's original equipment and replacement parts for cars and planes help transport *things and people*, Thompson's electronic products now help transport *words and music*. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

For additional information about the Bell Push-Button Tape Recorder, or other Bell products, write Department 73, Bell Sound Systems, Columbus 7, Ohio.

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The Push-Button Tape Recorder being used by the children is Bell's newest—Model No. RT-88. It is a moderately-priced advanced model featuring three motors and the simplest recorder controls ever designed. Seven piano-type push-keys control all major functions. Cream-colored carrying case with gold and maroon trim is included. Its uses are unlimited—in hospitals, church work, office conferences, theaters, music studios—whole families have fun with it, too.



Here are TWO OTHER popular Bell Recorders. (At left) This truly portable battery-operated Bell "Cub Corder" weighs less than 13 POUNDS! Among its countless uses are interviews, legal testimony, medical consultation data, voice studies and rehearsals, sales meetings, police reports and business dictation en route. (At right) Bell's Model No. RT-75 is America's finest long-playing, medium-priced tape recorder. Its handsome grey-green cabinet, with gold trim and knobs, blends beautifully with any home or office furnishings.



# RADIO & TELEVISION

## \$100 a Week for 20 Years

For a time it appeared that the nation's televisioners were going to have only two big-money giveaways—CBS's No. 1 show, *The \$64,000 Question*, and NBC's \$100,000-jackpot *Big Surprise*, whose biggest surprise so far has been its consistently low rating.

But there were ominous rumblings from the West Coast last week as CBS readied a new giveaway, *Do You Trust Your Wife?*, scheduled to go on the air next month in the half-hour period following *\$64,000 Question*. The teasing title comes from the fact that married couples will be the contestants. A husband is asked whether he wants to answer a question himself—or "Do you trust your wife?" to answer it. The promised payoff is appropriately staggering: each week's winners get an income of \$100 a week for a year and can come back the next week (without losing what they have already won) and try for more. Presumably a couple may win for 20 weeks running and thus get \$100 a week for 20 years—a system of payoff that gives lucky contestants a far better income tax break than winning \$100,000 outright. Host and question asker will be Edgar Bergen, assisted by such wooden stooges as Charlie McCarthy, Effie Clinker and Mortimer Snerd. CBS is confident that *Do You Trust Your Wife?* will be right up with *The \$64,000 Question* as an attention-getter. Newsmen who last week watched a Hollywood run-through of the new show feared that CBS might be right.

## A World of Nice Guys

Perry Como is so relaxed that he sometimes gives the impression of being made of sponge rubber with a core of Seconal. His eye is soft, his movements languid, his voice soothing. He views the world as being peopled exclusively by "nice guys." Once he applied that label to a famed middleweight boxer he had met. A friend pointed out that the pug had recently gone to jail for kicking his pregnant wife in the abdomen. Perry looked momentarily unhappy, then suggested: "Maybe it was a case of mistaken identity."

"A Real Nothing." Naturally, he is distressed that his high-rated *Perry Como Show* (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC) is clobbering its CBS rivals, Jackie Gleason's *Stage Show* and *The Honeymooners*. Gleason is not only a nice guy but a good friend of Perry's. In the latest Nielsen Top Ten, the Como show is No. 7 and Gleason is nowhere in sight. Says Perry: "I'd rather go on at 2 o'clock in the morning when there's no trouble. I don't want to fight anybody." On the air, Perry sings four or five songs, plays a skit or two with his guest stars, introduces a mélange of dog acts, girl singers, acrobats. When a critic called him "Ed Sullivan with talent," Perry observed: "I hate people to say complimentary things and then pull someone else apart in the process. I



PERRY COMO  
Better at 2 in the morning.

like Sullivan: I watch him all the time." In his quiet, mannerly way, Perry Como, 43, is capable of considerable firmness. He fights a friendly war of nerves with brash Goodman Ace, his top writer. Explains Como: "When we started the show I was almost in baggy pants and a comedy hat, because Goody thinks I'm funny as hell. But it was a real nothing. Now we're getting away from too many sketches. Whenever I throw a line out of the script, it pops right back in again the next week. For five weeks, Goody had a pet lion. He wanted me to say: 'There's no business



SKID ROW DERELICT  
Always the morning after.

like shoe business.' I kept throwing it out. Finally, Gino [*The \$64,000 Question*] Prato was on our show and he said it. The audience died—it was funny as hell. But if it had come from me—well, I'm no shoemaker."

"Real Nice." Perry was a barber some 20 years ago, back in Canonsburg, Pa. where he was born Pierino Como, the seventh son of a seventh son. Just about every show he does, the writers come up with a great idea for a barbershop scene. This week his guest star will be Kirk Douglas, who will be wearing the beard he grew for his recent movie based on the life of Vincent van Gogh. "Naturally," says Como, "they want me to shave him. I told Kirk that if I do it, it won't be a gag. I'll really take the beard off. They're liable to send me back to the barber business if this keeps up."

Como lives a relaxed home life at Sands Point, L.I., where, except for golf, his main preoccupation is his wife Roselle (they were married 23 years ago in Pennsylvania) and his three children (two of whom are adopted). Most evenings he lies on a green couch in his den, munching apples and pears and watching television. His popularity as a singer is nearly as unassailable as that of Bing Crosby. Each Saturday night after the show, a loyal band of bobby-soxers gathers outside his studio. Says Perry: "A couple of these kids try to protect me from the others. One night one of them warned the others to leave me alone because I was tired. Then she said to me: 'I mean, you're not old, but you're tired after the show and all, aren't you?' I thought that was real nice of her."

## The Week in Review

Television was busy last week with scalpel and sedative, and viewers had a vicarious whirl through the agonies of d.t.s, the miseries of migraine and the horrors of infanticide. On NBC's *March of Medicine*, Announcer Ben Grauer introduced the subject of alcoholism from a comfortable perch at Moriarty's bar on Manhattan's Sixth Avenue. His point: most of the bibbers in sight were capable of taking it or of leaving it alone.

**Dazed & Damaged.** The camera moved swiftly on for glimpses of drunken sots on Skid Row and a clinical study of alcoholics in Connecticut's Blue Hills sanatorium, ranging from the treatment of violent arrivals through the slow repairing of the dazed and damaged to the faintly hopeful prognosis of alcoholics about to be released. The most pitiful shots were morning-after scenes in a Philadelphia Magistrates' Court, where the drunk and disorderly were up for sentencing; the most unnerving came when, back in Moriarty's bar, Announcer Grauer hoisted his highball glass and took a final swig as the program ended.

ABC's *Medical Horizons* tried to get a hopeful note into its discussion of headaches, but the main conclusion drawn from its visit to the Duke University School of Medicine was that science, when it comes to migraine, is better armed with



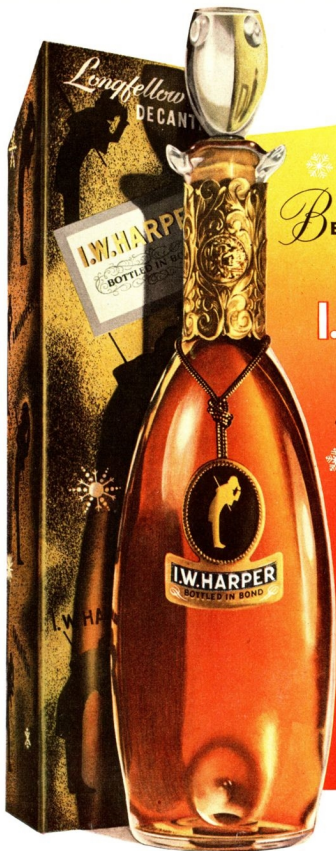
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you and I take  
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pain-killers than with cures. NBC's *Medic* is ordinarily more interested in shock values than in therapy, and last week showed a hysterical mother accusing her spinster sister of the willful murder of a three-month-old infant. After an endless autopsy, the coroner was able to prove that death had been caused by a bronchial infection. Unresolved in the story: what caused the infection and why there was no prior evidence of it. The best segment on NBC's *Wide, Wide World* also had a medical background, as the camera moved into a Baltimore school-room to record the moving responses of deaf children to the rhythms of music communicated through their fingertips.

**Despair & Violence.** The week's drama was also charged with painful clinical details. *Playwrights '56* made a gallant try at reducing the prolix complexity of William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* to the rigid demands of the theater. An excellent cast—Franchot Tone, Lillian Gish, Ethel Waters, Janice Rule—was able to suggest the last-gasp despairs of a dying order in the Old South, but the violence that flashes only fitfully in the novel seemed too concentrated to be real in the TV play.

The U.S. *Steel Hour* had a lighter and happier essay on the same theme of a family consuming its own, with a TV adaptation of the London and Broadway hit *Edward, My Son*. Britain's Robert Morley was superb as the oleaginous trickster who believes that nothing is too good for his son—or for himself, either—and is ready to burn down a building or buy up a school to prove it.

## Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Dec. 14. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

### TELEVISION

**Disneyland** (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). *Davy Crockett* and *the River Pirates*.

**Shower of Stars** (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *A Christmas Carol*, with Fredric March, Basil Rathbone, Ray Middleton.

**Person to Person** (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Actress Kim Novak, Columnist Leonard Lyons.

**George Gobel Show** (Sat. 10 p.m., NBC). Guest: Ed Wynn.

**Wide, Wide World** (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). "Preparations for Christmas."

**Omnibus** (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). *Eartha Kitt in Salome*.

**Ed Sullivan Show** (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). With Orson Welles, Orson Bean, Marion Marlowe, Les Compagnons de la Chanson.

**Playwrights '56** (Tues. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Kim Stanley in *The Waiting Place*.

### RADIO

**Newsmakers** (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Profile of California's Senator William Knowland.

**Metropolitan Opera** (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Così fan tutti*, in English, with Steber, Theobald, Munsell, Valletti.

**Christmas Cantata** (Mon. 10:30 p.m., NBC). World premiere of Arthur Honegger's new work, with the Los Angeles Symphonic Chorus.

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*This example includes dividends at the current scale, the continuance of which cannot, of course, be guaranteed.*

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## Headline of the Week

In the New York *Herald Tribune's* Paris edition:

SPACE SHIP POSSIBLE  
IF GRAVITY IS CANCELED

## Up from the Ivy League

Edwin A. (for Aloysius) Lahey is a stubby, rumped Chicago *Daily News* correspondent who is one of the top U.S. labor reporters. Some colleagues go even farther. New York *Times* man Meyer Berger, who is often called the best U.S. reporter, says: "Ed Lahey is the best reporter in America." Next week, *Reporter Lahey*, 53, will take over from Veteran Paul R. (for Roscoe) Leach, 65,



George Assmann

REPORTER LAHEY

For stuffed shirts, the needle.

who is retiring as head of the Washington bureau for John S. Knight's Chicago *Daily News* and the other Knight newspapers (the Detroit *Free Press*, Akron *Beacon-Journal*, Miami *Herald*, Charlotte *Observer*).

Although Ed Lahey has been assigned to Knight's Washington bureau for 15 years, he has steadfastly resisted the occupational urge to become a pundit. "I don't know anything duller than an expert," says Lahey. "I have constantly striven for superficiality. The best stories are written by guys who don't know anything about the subject. A kid who goes in cold to cover a labor convention may make it sing."

Because of his own talent for going in cold to tackle a top story, Ed Lahey, who calls himself a "paid free lancer," has roved the world in recent years on top stories, e.g., early attempts to depose Perón in Argentina this year, Guatemala's anti-Communist uprising in 1954, and South Africa's explosive racial tension.

On the labor beat, Lahey has often scooped stay-at-home competitors with such stories as his disclosure in 1953 that the A.F.L.'s Martin Durkin was resigning as Eisenhower's first Labor Secretary.

**Hundred Proof.** A West Side Chicago machinist's son, Ed Lahey went to work at 14 as an office boy, later was a shipping clerk, hod carrier and railroad yard clerk before he landed his first newspaper job in 1927, on the now defunct Glen Ellyn, Ill. weekly *Beacon*. Two years later, after reporting stints with the East St. Louis *Journal* and the Associated Press, Lahey was hired by the Chicago *Daily News*, "the only paper I ever wanted to work for."

On the *News*, Reporter Lahey soon became known to most of the cops and crooks, bigwigs and bartenders in the city. He earned a reputation as a 100-proof character, in the soft-hearted, hard-drinking *Front Page* tradition, who could also turn out a neat story. When "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn was killed in a South Side shooting match, Lahey wrote a sympathetic obituary in which he mentioned that the mobster had a weakness for golf and had bragged of qualifying for an Open tournament. At the end came the dash of bitterness, "Jack was killed last night," wrote Lahey. "He died in the low Eighties," i.e., on the lower South Side.

**Bum with Funds.** In 1936, after Lahey's barroom prowess had turned into a city-room problem, he crawled out of coventry by volunteering for his first labor assignment, a story on the C.I.O.'s newly formed Steel Workers Organizing Committee. The story was so good that Ed Lahey became the *News's* labor authority. "Anyone who goes out on a labor story and doesn't fall flat on his face," says Lahey deprecatingly, "becomes, quote a labor expert, unquote." Nevertheless, Expert Lahey combined human interest and fair-minded interpretation to such good effect in covering the 1937 steel and auto sitdown strikes that he was assigned to top labor stories throughout the U.S., became a close friend of union leaders.

As a member of the first group of Nieman Fellows at Harvard in 1938, Reporter Lahey used the year to round out his scant formal education and "cure the worst damn inferiority complex about college you ever saw." Salty Ed Lahey became a hit with the faculty, was cultivated by Felix Frankfurter, then a Harvard Law School professor, and other faculty members who delighted in the newsman's flair for deflating campus stuffed shirts. For a notoriously long-winded instructor finally wound up his lecture one day, Ed Lahey inquired slyly: "Would you mind summarizing that last point in 10,000 words?" To another intellectual, who thought he was talking over Lahey's head, Lahey once cracked: "Ah, Shakespeare! I'm nuts about him. I read everything he writes, as fast as it comes out."

Sobered by his brush with the Ivy

League, Ed Lahey joined Alcoholics Anonymous in 1940, now uses up surplus energy by playing bridge, the piano and the horses. Each winter, after saving a half-dollar at a time all year, Lahey sets off for Miami with a \$400 stake for a two-week horseplaying binge. Last week, in mid-vacation, the horses were \$40 ahead. Sighed Lahey: "It's the perfect vacation, knowing your money must be spent immoderately. I feel like a bum with funds."

## Round Two in Cincinnati

The Cincinnati *Enquirer's* City Editor Jack Cronin was at home wading through the fattest Sunday edition (354 pages) in the paper's 114-year history when the letter arrived. He read: "You have by offensive, insolent, contemptuous, defamatory, opprobrious language . . . impugned the motives, actions and conduct of the offi-



Walter Kneal

PUBLISHER FERGER

For critics, the gate.

cers and directors of the newspaper and have otherwise attacked their probity and imputed improper purposes to them . . . you are hereby dismissed." It was signed "Roger Ferger," publisher of the *Enquirer*. Also fired by Ferger: Columnist James H. Ratliff Jr., who spearheaded the 1952 drive in which *Enquirer* employees raised the cash to take over their own paper.

Thus, Publisher Ferger hoped to quell the uproar over *Enquirer* management (TIME, Dec. 5) in which Ratliff had already been dumped as vice president and secretary of the company. But the firings only intensified the bitterness. At a meeting later in Cincinnati's Cox Theater, staffers sat in grim silence for 90 minutes while Ferger, 61, denied charges by Ratliff and Cronin that his own salary and bonus (1955 total: \$104,699) and those of Assistant Publisher Eugene Duffield (\$62,319) were excessive. Moreover, said Ferger, financial backers had urged him to insist on a ten-year contract; while he wanted the right to approve three of the



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five voting trustees in order to ensure "continuity of management" and "practical control." Ferger also said that Halsey, Stuart & Co., the Chicago investment firm that took \$6,000,000 in *Enquirer* bonds and debentures, had suggested that he get options to buy *Enquirer* stock.

This was rebutted at a later meeting of outside stockholders representing shares worth \$250,000. Ratliff produced a letter from Halsey, Stuart's President H. L. Stuart saying that 1) "the original request for a voting trust came from Mr. Ferger as a condition of him continuing as publisher," and 2) the stock-option deal was put through "without our knowledge . . . I certainly do question the moral action in devaluing the options which we had through our debentures."

At week's end, a pro-Ferger United Employees' Committee for Continued Success & Employee Control, led by Circulation Boss Lawrence Nash, suggested a review of top-management salaries and closer consultation between executives and staffers. Snapped Jim Ratliff: "Their platform is the one I gave my scalp for."

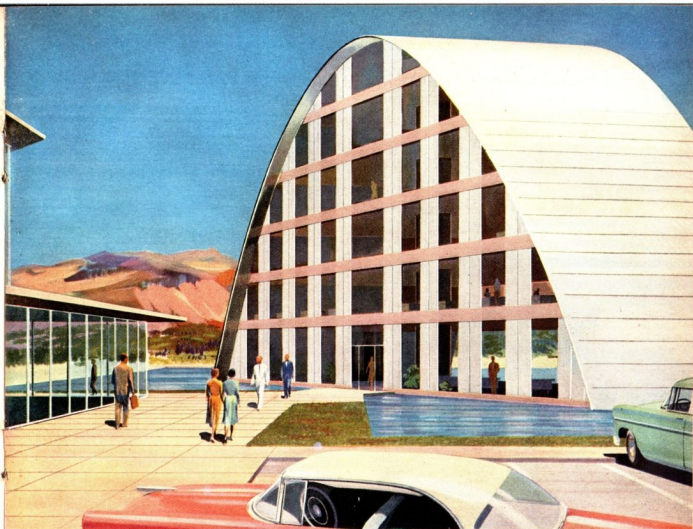
But editorial staffers, embittered by Ferger's firings, insisted that management's willingness to review the original charges was too little, too late. They wanted Cronin and Ratliff put back to work. "Firings may bring peace to your family," Sunday Feature Editor Charles Warnick wrote Ferger, "but not the firing of these two men. To settle the issue by force you are going to . . . fire dozens of us . . . until you have wiped out all semblance of loyalty to these men [who] will willingly undertake any sacrifice for the betterment of the *Enquirer*, an institution they believe bears a close resemblance to a deity."

## Famine in Detroit

In Detroit one afternoon last week, a bored Republican campaign worker dumped an armload of four-page election handbills into two conveniently empty newspaper racks. In a few hours, passers-by had snapped up all the campaign tabloids, deposited \$3.52 in the cash boxes.

Detroiters had never been so famished for news. For the first time in the city's history, all three dailies—the *Detroit Free Press*, *News* and *Times*—were strike-bound. The stereotypes' union had closed the papers over demands that included a full day's pay for any extra work after eight hours, e.g., for turning out Sunday Edition color plates after hours on a weekday. Newsmagazine sales had gone up 30%; out-of-town newspapers were being sold for as much as \$1 a copy.

To try to tell the news, Detroit's Polish-language *Dziennik Polski* jacked up its press run from 48,600 to 150,000 copies daily, wrapped an 18-page English section around its ten-page Polish editions. A pinch-hitting daily, the *Detroit Reporter*, was started by newsmen from the strikebound papers with \$100 and blessings from the American Newspaper Guild and the Allied Printing Trades Council. At week's end it was printing 100,000 eight-page papers a day.



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# EDUCATION

## Dissent at Table 40

When the big White House Conference on Education finally broke up, most of the delegates headed for home convinced of a job well done. Not so, prestigious Joel Henry Hildebrand, professor emeritus of chemistry at the University of California, president of the American Chemical Society, blunt critic of what he calls the declining intellectual standards of U.S. schools. Last week Dr. Hildebrand issued his own minority report on why he thinks the conference was a flop.

**Watchful Men.** First of all, though one-third of the delegates were professional educators, "college professors, who must further train for intellectual leadership much of the product of the schools, and who know also something about why college graduates avoid schoolteaching, were not in evidence." Worse still: the final reports to the conference on the six topics discussed did nothing more than echo an educationist party line.

"At every stage," said Chemist Hildebrand, "there were watchful men who honestly believe more in 'social competency' than in grammar and arithmetic, and, because good-natured committeemen try to fix up their reports so as to make every member happy, anything seriously critical of certain doctrines and practices largely responsible for the present deplorable and dangerous situation [in the schools] could not get through."

In discussing Topic 1—What should our schools accomplish?—six members out of eleven at Hildebrand's Table No. 40 flatly declared that the schools are trying to do too much. But when the final report on school goals came out with 14 vague and diffuse points—e.g., respect and appreciation for human values—the six were moved to protest. The 14 points, they said, "were presented with no analysis of their relative importance or their practicability . . . The blanket praise given to 'the schools' as 'better than ever before' is not consistent with the catastrophic decline in many schools of science and mathematics, subjects now basic to the very survival of Western civilization."

**Vested Interest.** Topic 4—How can we get enough good teachers, and keep them?—got much the same sort of treatment. Table 40 had protested that "many persons, otherwise well qualified [to teach], are repelled by courses in education that they regard as repetitive, doctrinaire, or inferior in intellectual quality." But this idea, says Hildebrand, never showed up in the final report—and, he thinks, with good reason. "The requirement, first, of 18 or more units of education for certification as a 'qualified' teacher, and then of summer-session credits therein in order for the harassed teacher to get raises in salary, provides positions for a vast number of professors of education, jobs that they, of course, do not intend to see jeopardized."

All in all, concluded Hildebrand, the

conference completely failed to come to grips with the real crisis in education. A proper attack on that crisis "would not have brought forth '14 points' with no analysis of their relative importance, where subjects like chemistry or grammar, that can be taught, are confused with 'attitudes,' such as 'respect and appreciation for human values . . . ' that can be caught by association with those who have them, but not taught. In place of the complacent statement that 'the schools are doing the best job in their history in teaching these skills,' it might have been possible to arouse among the participants some of the true, but unperceived implications of the 14th point: 'An awareness of our relationships to the world community.' Our relation to the world com-



KIDLINGTON BOYS AT WORK  
To realize a sense of the job well done.

munity may easily become that of a subject nation if we can do no better than we did in the White House Conference to achieve schooling adapted to a world situation which calls for our utmost in trained intelligence and moral fiber."

## Shock Treatment

Can a juvenile delinquent be "cured" simply by hard work and discipline? Many social workers think not. The average delinquent, they argue, needs psychiatric care as well. Recently, Britain's penal authorities have been operating on the opposite theory: at "detention centers" at Kidlington, near Oxford, and Goudhurst in Kent, they have been putting delinquents through a rugged "basic training" course with surprising success. Last week, despite scattered criticism, the Prison Commission went ahead with plans to establish two new detention centers.

**On the Double.** Juvenile authorities opened the detention center at Kidlington in August 1952, in response to Britain's

continuing postwar delinquency problem (current yearly figures are 14,500 offenses by boys and 2,500 by girls). The new center was designed for first offenders only, and was conceived less as a place of punishment than as a means of bringing delinquents into line by giving them the "short, sharp shock" of detention under rigid discipline. Moreover, it spared delinquents the stigma of a reformatory record.

The boys sent to the "shock centers" vary in age from 14 to 21; their terms are from one to three months. When a boy enters a center, he is stripped of personal possessions, gets a physical examination, and is assigned to a small (6 ft. by 10 ft.), freshly painted cubicle containing only a narrow cot and a washstand. From then on, his life is much like that of a military inductee. His day begins at 6:15 with 20 minutes of calis-

thenics, proceeds on a split-second schedule which keeps him constantly moving on the double. He is never left unsupervised. (At Kidlington there are eleven staff members watching over 55 boys.) After breakfast and inspection, the younger boys attend classes; the older ones work about the grounds (with brief cocoa break at 11) until 11:55, break for lunch, return to a work detail until 4:25, when they knock off for tea. Evenings are devoted to metalworking, basket weaving or woodwork, with dinner at 8:10, followed by chapel and lights out at 9:05.

**Tough Effort.** There is no corporal punishment at the centers. Failure to conform to the schedule or to meet inspection standards is punished by assignment to extra work details or remission of a rare privilege, e.g., leisure time on Sunday evenings. For serious offenses, e.g., attempted escape, boys are put in solitary-confinement rooms.

To some penal experts, the shock centers' spit-and-polish routine seems merely

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brutalizing. Says W. J. Bray, chief probation officer for Kent: "I say it is destructive . . . Why don't they pay more attention to boys' minds?" The London *Daily Herald* got into the fight by arguing that the shock centers leave their graduates more embittered than before.

In answer to such criticism, the Prison Commission points to the shock centers' record: during 1952 and 1953, no fewer than 237 boys were discharged at Kidlington, but up to the end of 1954, only 74 of them had reappeared in court. Says Kidlington Warden F. (for Frederick) Vernon Elvy: "We help some boys to find themselves. It is only by experiencing the satisfaction of a tough effort that these boys realize a sense of a job well done; it gives them the sense of achievement they need. I don't say we have the complete answer to the problem, but we are making a real contribution."

### The Boss

Noting the wiry little man whom everyone in town seemed to treat with such respect, the visitor to Albuquerque, N. Mex. (pop. 160,000) naturally wanted to know who he was. The person he asked was a six-year-old Negro first-grader who happened to have his own ideas about School Superintendent John Milne. "You don't know who Mr. Milne is?" said the boy in amazement. "Why, Mr. Milne is boss of the whole world!"

To hundreds of Albuquerque teachers and students, John Milne has indeed been a rare sort of boss. In his 45 years as superintendent he has kept his school system humming as one of the most prosperous in the state. "I keep telling myself," one of his principals once remarked, "that Mr. Milne can't always be right. So each time I confer with him, I resolve that this time I'm going to argue with him. But somehow, he always turns out to be right again." As John Milne got set last week to retire at 75, he was known throughout New Mexico as "Mr. Education."

**Part-Time Plumber.** Born in Scotland, Milne came to the U.S. in 1883. He earned his B.S. at the University of New Mexico, went on to Columbia University for an M.A. in school administration. At 19 he taught his first class; at 27 he was principal of the Third Ward Elementary School in Albuquerque. In 1910, when the town began looking for a new superintendent, it decided to try John Milne.

To supplement his \$2,000-a-year salary, he had to work part time as a professional plumber. But even as he wiped joints, his mind seemed always on one thing. In those days, Albuquerque was a railroad town with only five schools, and most people thought it might stay that way. John Milne, however, was already planning for a future that would eventually bring 63 schools and 40,000 pupils.

When he built the Albuquerque high school for 500 pupils, people protested that it was much too big. Today, though the smallest high school in town, it has had to be expanded to take an enrollment of 3,000. Superintendent Milne also began buying up land, though most of it seemed



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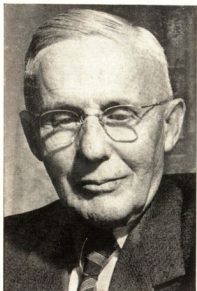
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ALBUQUERQUE'S MILNE  
How can he always be right?

at first to be far too remote to be needed. But when the city began to expand, it never had to worry about sites for new schools. One 292-acre tract cost \$3,300. Its present value: \$350,000.

**The Bright & the Handicapped.** From the beginning, Milne hammered away for raises for his teachers. He introduced insurance and sick-leave plans. He was a moving force in building up the New Mexico Education Association, and with his own money he launched its *New Mexico School Review*. He was almost solely responsible for persuading the legislature in 1935 to pass an Emergency Education Act that now brings the state school system \$12 million a year from a special sales tax.

In the 1930s, when some towns in eastern New Mexico began to segregate their schools, Milne sought out Negro parents, helped them find homes and jobs in Albuquerque, placed their children in his own nonsegregated schools. Though he also refused to segregate handicapped children ("They used to herd those little dickens into separate rooms and break their hearts"), he saw to it that his brighter students got all the extra encouragement possible. As a result, Albuquerque has chalked up something of a record in turning out young scientists and mathematicians. The number of high-school students now taking these subjects is more than ten times the national average.

Superintendent Milne is forever trotting about his schools to see that everything is going all right. In 45 years the Albuquerque school system has known neither political squabble nor personal scandal, and as long as John Milne is around, it probably won't. "Actually," said one townsman last week, "he'll never really retire. He'll keep on going until the day he dies. And on his deathbed, his last words will be some new idea for the Albuquerque schools."

## Yardstick for Fees

Many a patient nearly has a relapse when he gets his doctor's bill. The Los Angeles County Medical Association recently worked out a yardstick of fees for doctors' services, to be applied only to patients making less than \$6,000 a year. The association sent the yardstick to its members, asked them to vote on its adoption. Some suggested fees:

- Initial office visit: \$12.50, or \$7.50 for a minor complaint. Subsequent visits, \$5.
- Obstetrical delivery with no complications: \$175.
- Appendectomy: \$175.
- Electrocardiogram: \$15.
- Gallstone operation: \$250.
- Tonsillectomy: \$75.
- Broken wrist: \$75.

Most of the fees were below what Los Angeles doctors usually charge. Example: For obstetrical deliveries, many doctors now average a family's income for three years, charge five or six weeks' salary. Last week the Los Angeles doctors' diagnosis was in: they flatly rejected the yardstick by failing to give it a required two-thirds majority vote. But the association still hoped that it would help to level fees. Said one doctor: "I'm certainly going to keep the yardstick in my office."

## Super-Aspirin

With the rise of wonder drugs, the common aspirin might have been expected to suffer a decline. But instead, doctors say that use of aspirin is steadily on the rise (the U.S. alone consumes 42 million tablets a day). One of its chief uses: treatment of rheumatoid arthritis, one of the nation's commonest chronic illnesses. Recently, several drug firms produced a "super-aspirin"—a combination of aspirin and a small amount of steroid hormones—which is being publicized as a spectacular remedy for arthritis.

Last week at the meeting of the American Rheumatism Foundation in Bethesda, Md., some of the nation's most prominent rheumatologists suggested that aspirin would have been better left alone. Since both hormones and aspirin have proved effective remedies for arthritis, super-aspirin backers claim that the two together exert a synergistic effect on patients, i.e., produce greater benefit than the sum of each used separately. But 1) the evidence for super-aspirin's synergistic effect is questionable; 2) aspirin can be taken safely by almost any patient, while hormones are suitable only for some patients. Cortisone, ACTH, prednisone and other hormones sometimes produce such undesirable side effects as peptic ulcers, edema, mental disturbances and high blood pressure.

"The importance of the aspirin-steroid [hormone] tablet has been exaggerated way out of proportion," said Dr. Joseph J. Bunim, clinical director of the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases. "Even though the hormone-

aspirin pills are a prescription drug, there is a real danger that the patient will get too much of them and knock out his adrenal glands. In many instances the patient won't realize he is not taking ordinary aspirin. In others he will enjoy the lift he gets from them and take more and more. In still others, the physician will respond to the pleadings of his patients and prescribe the pills in huge amounts, not realizing the consequences."

Dr. Roger Black of the institute's clinical branch had similar complaints: the physician cannot regulate relative doses of steroid and aspirin in the combined pills to suit the requirements of the individual patient; some patients will be getting less steroid or aspirin than they need, others too much. Drs. Alan K. Done and Vincent C. Kelley of the University of Utah College of Medicine produced new scientific evidence of a theory that might obviate any need to soup up common aspirin. In addition to acting on inflammations, said Drs. Done and Kelley, salicylates (aspirin's family) affect the pituitary-adrenal system, increasing the body's own production of cortisone-like hormones (*TIME*, June 7, 1954). These body-produced hormones may be as effective in treating arthritis as more dangerous artificial hormones.

## Artificial Psychoses

Amid a clutter of flasks and tubes, beakers and retorts in the Sandoz Laboratories in Basel, Researcher Dr. Albert Hoffman was doing a routine experiment when he had a common laboratory accident: somehow, he absorbed some of the fluid he was working with. He became muddled and confused. Four days later, satisfied that the offending substance was lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD-25), he



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# IS THERE ONE QUESTION YOU'RE TOO SHY TO ASK YOUR DOCTOR ?



MOST PEOPLE are able to talk freely to their doctor about every aspect of their treatment—*except one*. The question, "How much is it going to cost?" and of how payment is to be made, often leaves the frankest patient tongue-tied.

Many refrain from bringing up the subject out of a sincere respect for their doctor, supposing it somehow unbecoming to talk about money to the man they are entrusting with their life. Many professional societies are now trying to clear up this misconception. For example, you may have noticed a significant plaque

which now hangs in thousands of physicians' waiting rooms. It says:

*"To all my patients—I invite you to discuss frankly with me any questions regarding my services or fees. The best medical service is based on a friendly mutual understanding between doctor and patient."*

Sometimes, of course, your doctor cannot tell you in advance, precisely what a

course of treatment or an operation is going to cost. But you will always find him willing to discuss the subject, and to tell you if he can. Today more than ever before in medical history, the bill your doctor sends you can represent one of the really big bargains of your life—in terms of health, happiness and peace of mind.

So don't let any unasked questions stand in the way of that "friendly mutual understanding" which is the basis of better medical care for you and your family.

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weighed out a minute dose and took it deliberately. It struck him "like a bolt of lightning." Hoffman had to go home, but he had lost his perception of time and space, and the short bicycle ride seemed like 5,000 miles. "I had multicolored visions and hallucinations," he says, "but worst of all it seemed that I was floating outside my own body. I therefore concluded that I was dead." The effect lasted twelve hours.

Thus, Cincinnati's Dr. Howard Fabing told a Manhattan meeting of drugmakers this week, was born a favorite tool of psychiatric research. Psychiatrists may still puzzle over the nature and cause of schizophrenia, but at last they can turn on and off, at will, psychotic episodes which have most of the earmarks of natural mental illness. (For the turning off, psychiatrists use peace-of-mind drugs, e.g., chlorpromazine and Frenquel, and can snap a patient out of an artificial psychosis within minutes.)

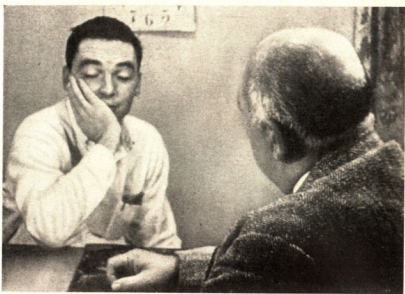
**On a Revolving Cloud.** Among a dozen U.S. medical teams researching LSD, one is headed by Dr. Fabing at Cincinnati's Christ Hospital. It takes, he found, only about one seven-hundred-millionth of a healthy young man's weight in LSD to produce a model psychosis lasting five to ten hours. In experiments recorded by a movie camera (*see cut*), a psychology student volunteer, age 23, took 100 micrograms and wrote afterward:

"I had very little by way of visual hallucination, but what I consider the important thing was that . . . I was dissociated, plagued, pounded, weighted—all these are inadequate to describe the horrible state I was in, all of them put together. Perhaps the central thing was suspicion and fear that you would find out about me, or perhaps think things that were not true . . . On and on this went, and as was no doubt obvious, I decided to do as little as possible so I wouldn't make a mistake."

Six weeks later, the same student tried it again. Once more, he quickly became withdrawn and paranoid. His description: "Complete and insoluble confusion and anxiety reigned . . . One hallucination was that of lying flat on a slowly revolving, cloudlike object, and there were other similar objects all around, touching gently and revolving 'in gear.' I just slowly rolled down into the depths of the arrangement. Another was of a flower-bed type of pattern, or perhaps a purposeless pinball machine, with lights arranged in rows and columns. The lights—or flowers—were growing, then bursting in irregular fashion, one at the left, then the center, and so on . . ."

"Next . . . things seemed to clear up, and I felt sane, yet knew I wasn't. I seemed to wake up to a new world—my life, my mental state had been altered. I was a stranger in this world."

**LSD After Dinner.** In somewhat smaller doses, LSD may have the opposite effect and actually help psychiatrists to clear up mental illnesses. British researchers have found it useful in psychoneuroses, generally rated as the milder forms of emotional disturbance (*TIME*, June 28,



VOLUNTEER "PSYCHOTIC" & RESEARCHER FABING  
"I felt sane, yet knew I wasn't."

1954). In Manhattan, Psychiatrist Harold A. Abramson of the Cold Spring Harbor Biological Laboratory has developed a technique of serving dinner to a group of subjects, topping off the meal with a liqueur glass containing 40 micrograms of LSD. Instead of upsetting the subjects, it often helps them to recall and relive—in each other's presence—experiences and emotions of childhood that previously had been too painful to face.

A prize example among Dr. Abramson's cases is a woman of 35 who had made good progress in analytic interviews and had recalled dreams which brought into focus a problem of latent homosexuality. Still she could not face the issue and work it through. Under LSD she lost some of her fear of the problem, and in a four-hour interview gained the understanding that gave her control of the emotions entangled in it.

So far, Dr. Abramson is almost alone among U.S. psychiatrists in using LSD for treatment, and like other doctors, he raises a warning finger: it is a dangerous drug, to be used only under strictest medical supervision.

## Capsules

¶ "New and fundamental evidence" about the formation of cancer cells has been discovered in the last two years, said a biennial report issued on the tenth anniversary of Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute, one of the nation's top cancer-research organizations. Outstanding discovery: definite proof of what had only been suspected—that cancer cells take up the body's basic chemicals at different rates from normal cells, suggesting the possibility of tailored chemical treatments for certain types of cancer. This principle, already put to work in leukemia with the use of 6-mercaptopurine, will be extended as fast as other effective chemicals can be developed.

¶ The height, weight and breadth of 18-year-olds can be predicted with "a high degree of probability" when they are only a few years old, reported New York City's Dr. Irving Kowaloff in the *New York State Journal of Medicine*. Examples, based on statistical studies of large numbers of children: when a boy is two years old, his height and pelvic breadth should be multiplied by two, his weight by five, to predict what his measurements will be when he is 18. The same formula applies to girls' dimensions, except that weight and height should be calculated at the age of 18 months instead of two years.

¶ U.S. children will continue to get Salk polio vaccine in three doses, 33 experts (among them: Dr. Jonas Salk, Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele) decided unanimously in Washington. Reason: shots one and two supply immunization for undetermined periods, and "we want to take advantage of the protection provided by the third dose." The representatives also decided that the supply of Salk vaccine is sufficient to make the three-dose scheme practical in 1956.

¶ "The manufacture of [Salk polio] vaccine is the greatest problem the biological industry was ever faced with," said Kenneth F. Valentine, president of Pitman-Moore Co., Indianapolis vaccine manufacturer. "We never had a tougher product to make . . . The line between making a vaccine that is effective and making one that is unsafe is very thin."

¶ Patients who appear to be fully anesthetized may still be "capable of feeling, hearing and remembering things that happen in operating rooms," Harvard University's Dr. Philip Solomon told the New York State Society of Anesthesiologists in Manhattan. As a result of such improper anesthesia, he said, psychiatrists and other mental-health workers sometimes have to treat people who suffer from operating-room memories.



## ART



Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Newton

PASCIN'S "THREE GIRLS"

### Mess & Magic

*All Pictures that's Painted with Sense  
& with Thought  
Are Painted by Madmen as sure as a  
Groat;  
For the Greater the Fool in the Pencil  
more blest,  
And when they are drunk they always  
paint best.*

—William Blake, circa 1808

The pasty little man with the well-ripened nose sat fingering a razor blade.

At 45, he was one of Paris' most honored painters. Hundreds of people, mainly tarts and fellow artists, loved him as he loved liquor and sex. Doubtless some orgies were in him still, but his liver would not let him live long. He gazed, heavy-eyed, about his chaotic studio, strewn with pictures as with the feathers of a moulting bird. Delicately, as he had always done things, he slashed his wrists.

That was 25 years ago. To commemorate the tragic event, Manhattan's Perls Galleries last week was staging a retrospective show of Jules Pascin's work.

Pascin (rhymes with askin') had been a sad mess, both in his life and in his death—his last acts were to scrawl farewell to his girl in gore on the wall and then impatiently hang himself. Yet his paintings were not in the least messy, and they were sad only in the one sense possible to true art: a serene expression of melancholy.

Most of the Pascin canvases on show last week were of half-dressed girls loafing about the artist's Montmartre studio in the silver dusk. He had painted them quickly, in the magic hour between the first few sickening drinks of the day and putting on his bowler to go out and get drunk again. The colors were soft as fog and fleeting as perfume. The contours—often done in charcoal atop the oil—shaped his sagging subjects like tender pats of a moist palm. Pausing at a mouth, the corner of an eye, a flexed wrist, Pascin would sometimes sharpen his line, pinching and twisting cruelly to bring out the girl's full character. Then he would add the final transparent stains of cloudy paint, looking almost as if it had been breathed onto the canvas, and veil his subject in impersonal melancholy.

### The Champ

Jackson Pollock, at 43 the bush-bearded heavyweight champion of abstract expressionism, shuffled into the ring at Manhattan's Sidney Janis Gallery, and flexed his muscles for the crowd with a retrospective show covering 15 years of his career. The exhibition stretched back to the time when Pollock was imitating imitations of Picasso, reached a climax with the year 1948, when Pollock first conceived the idea of dripping and sloshing paint from buckets onto vast canvases

## SCULPTURE ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER

DESPITE today's boom prices in the market for popular paintings (TIME, Dec. 5), art collecting need not be any more expensive a hobby than photography or sailing. To make that point, the City Art Museum of St. Louis last week was staging a show of 367 art works priced at \$4 to \$1,200 apiece. Art objects of various neglected periods proved to be even better bargains than contemporary pictures by little-known artists. Sample rates: a bronze reindeer from ancient Persia for \$632.50, a 5,000-year-old "female divinity" from Sumer for \$103.50, an ancient Egyptian bronze statuette of Anubis for \$172.50, a Tarascan warrior for \$200, a Coptic bone statuette for \$28.75, Etruscan earrings for \$189.75, and two highly stylized Spanish and Greek bronzes for \$200 (left) and \$402.50 (right).

Among the show's most surprisingly low-priced hits were the Greek terra cottas (opposite). Starting with the Tanagra woman and reading clockwise, their price tags read: \$517.50, \$115, \$345 and \$230. The makers of the terra cottas were low-caste artisans, often slaves, who turned out art by the ovenful, like cookies, mostly for the grave trade. Whether out of superstition or sentiment, their wares were heaped in tombs, and so sometimes survived the centuries. Many of the figures are thought to be free little interpretations of lost great sculptures. They narrowly reflect, as in a rear-view mirror, the lucid, passionate, sun-swept world of the ancient Mediterranean.



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laid flat on the floor. Once the canvases were hung upright, what gravity had accomplished came to look like the outpouring of Herculean energy. Pollock had invented a new kind of decoration, astonishingly vehement.

That was Pollock's one big contribution to the slosh-and-spatter school of postwar art, and friend and foe alike crowded the exhibition in tribute to the champ's prowess. They found a sort of proof of his claims to fame in the exhibition catalogue, which lists no less than 16 U.S. and three European museums that own Pollock canvases. But when it came down to explaining just what Pollock was up to, the critics retreated into a prose that rivaled his own gaudy drippings. Items:

¶ The New York Times regretted that "until psychology digs deeper into the workings of the creative act, the spectator



Hans Namuth

PAINTER POLLOCK

What gravity hath wrought.

can only respond, in one way or another, to the gruff, turgid, sporadically vital reelings and writhings of Pollock's inner-directed art."

¶ The New York Herald Tribune stated firmly that "whether or not you like Pollock's painting, or think the results no better than color decorations, one must admit the potency of his process."

¶ Art News explained that Pollock's work "sustains the abstract-size scale toward which his vision has probably always been directed. It is a 'cosmic' scale because of the multiple overlay and continuous spiral movement in conjunction with the non-figurativeness."

¶ Arts summed up: "A Pollock painting, charged with his personal mythology, remains meaningless to him for whom Pollock himself is not a tangible reality. As Indian sculpture is related to Vedic and Upanishadic thought, exactly so are Pollock's canvases related to his self. Ignore that relation and they remain anonymous and insignificant."

In other words you can't tell very much about the champ without a personal introduction.

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A hand with red nail polish is shown holding a metal tool, likely a record pressing tool, over a vinyl record. The tool has a textured metal body and a black handle with two silver screws. The vinyl record is black and has a yellow circular label in the center. The background is a wooden surface.

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## RELIGION

### Feast of Lights

It was Hanukkah; time again for Jewish boys and girls to hear the story of Judah Maccabee, warrior son of the aged priest Mattathias, who dared to lead his tiny band of fighting men against the might of Assyria. It was circa 165 B.C. that the Hanukkah miracle happened. The Assyrians were overthrown in Jerusalem, and according to legend, when the Jews returned to purge the temple of its alien idols and rededicate it, there was only sacred oil enough for one day's burning of the temple lamp. Yet the lamp burned eight full days.

**Deeds Alone.** Down through the centuries, the Jews have lit the Hanukkah lights for eight days each year as a bright symbol of hope. In modern times, Hanukkah has turned into a kind of Jewish counterpart of Christmas—pretty, eight-candle Menorahs instead of Christmas trees, potato pancakes and doughnuts instead of plum pudding, a Hanukkah hymn instead of *Come All Ye Faithful*, and eight days of presents for the children. Even in Israel shopkeepers have learned to look forward to it as a "season."

But this year in Israel there is a new mood. Stores report their "worst Hanukkah ever," and most have not even bothered to decorate their windows; large parties are few, and the hotels will have plenty of room for last-minute arrivals at their Hanukkah balls. In place of the merrymaking, Jerusalem is celebrating the kind of Hanukkah that Judah Maccabee would find to his liking.

Through the city streets marched hundreds of teen-agers behind a flaming *Hanukkah*. "The boy not prepared to face the future of our people's freedom," Mayor Gershon Agron told them, "is worth only half of one who is prepared to fight for it. It is Jewish deeds and Jewish deeds alone which will count in the final reckoning." At kindergarten parties children greeted their parents with "tickets" decorated with scrawled jet planes and guns to show that the price of admission would go to the National Voluntary Arms Fund. Startled fathers heard their offspring request that their traditional Hanukkah gelt be contributed to the fund instead of going for candy or toys.

**Pe or Shin.** Threat of war with Moslem Egypt has re-emphasized for Israel the martial aspect of Hanukkah, but the miraculous rededication of the temple is not forgotten. Wherever families gather for the lighting of the first candle, the ancient blessing is heard: "During all eight days of Hanukkah, these lights are sacred, neither is it permitted us to make any profane use of them, but only to look at them in order that we may give thanks unto Thy name for Thy miracles, Thy deliverances and Thy wonders."

On sidewalks and playgrounds, children are still playing with their *dredel*, the four-sided tops marked with the Hebrew letters *nun*, *gimel*, *he* and *pe*—first letters

of the words *ness gadol haya po* (a great miracle happened here). Said one urchin this week to an onlooking grownup: "In other countries, the last letter on the *dredel* is *shin* for *shama* (there). Aren't we lucky to be here—in a place where miracles really happen?"

### To the Godless Poor

**NUDES! NUDES! THE NUDEST SHOW IN PARIS!** THE MOST SUGGESTIVE NUDES ON EARTH! flashes a neon sign on a certain street corner at Place Pigalle. On the sidewalk, streetwalkers nudge potential customers, and if business is slow or feet begin to hurt, they drop into a tiny *crémère* for a cognac or an ice cream or a payoff to a pimp. Behind the bar is Odette.

All the prostitutes know Odette. When she is not working in the *crémère* (from

her tiny, seventh-floor hotel room in Montmartre a haven for the sad, over-painted tarts who climb the spiral stairs for a chat, a prayer or a good cry. Sometimes, too, they ask for help in finding a decent job, and help is always forthcoming. In a dilapidated garret in the suburb of Aubervilliers live Andrée, Juliette and Colette—each 24, each working in a factory. Colette and Juliette work in the nearby Tungsram plant, Andrée in the Citroën factory in Asnières. Despite her training years in factory work, Andrée's hands are red and swollen from the steel particles thrown off by the cutting tools in the big machine shop where she works with 300 other women.

"In factories God is only a bad word," she says. "Very few go to church or think of religion. Some of them weren't even baptized, many aren't baptizing their own children. Yet they need God so badly!" Andrée has worked only a fortnight at



Paris Match

MISSIONARY ODETE (BEHIND COUNTER) & CUSTOMERS  
Unfastening the buckle in the red belt.

2 p.m. to 2 a.m.), she visits the cafés they frequent, politely ending conversation when a customer approaches, gently repelling the men who mistake the reason for her own presence. In Pigalle, they call Odette "La petite missionnaire." For that is what she is.

**When the Hands Harden.** Odette is a member of the Institut Seculaire de Travailluses Missionnaires de Marie Immaculée, and there are 24 young women like her. After five years in apprenticeship and study, they don white robes and gold rings as "Brides of Jesus." They do not take vows but merely pledge themselves to poverty, chastity and obedience (vows are not possible until the Roman Catholic church recognizes the Institut as a religious order). Then they exchange their robes for ordinary clothes, and for the rest of their working lives, they live and labor among the poor.

Twenty-eight-year-old Odette has made

Citroën, yet she is already getting to be known as a missionary worker. "Last week a fellow worker noticed my ring and asked about my family. I invited her to our garret, and when she arrived, I told her the whole story. We're close friends already. By the time my hands harden up the whole plant will know. Already other girls are beginning to come around and wish me luck."

**When the Reds Lose.** Founder of Odette's and Andrée's order is a jolly, beet-cheeked priest named Marcel Roussel, 45. Son of a prosperous village baker in the Jura mountains, a parish priest in Besançon when World War II broke out, Abbé Roussel served in the French artillery, then left his parish at war's end to reach out to the Godless poor in France.

Inspired by such groups as the Peasant Brothers and the Little Sisters and Little Brothers of Abbé Foucauld, Abbé Roussel got church permission in 1947 to

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found his Institut Seculaire de Travail-leuses. Since then, he has lived in the buckle of Paris' red belt—the dingy factory suburb named for St. Denis, where only 2,000 of 25,000 people ever go to church. Here, in a tiny, fourth-floor walk-up with a cold-water tap in the back court and one toilet to 16 families, he directs the work of his 25 missionary women in the Paris factory districts, at Lille, in the port cities Le Havre and Toulon—as well as a 30-bed rest home for working girls in Mont d'Halluin.

The worker missionaries have avoided many of the pitfalls that helped wreck the worker priest movement, e.g., Communist inroads, marriage by some priests. For one thing, the sisters are kept under tight discipline, report frequently to their superior; for another, working mostly with women, they do not face so tough a political opposition. Abbé Roussel, who reports directly to Cardinal Feltin of Paris, looks forward to seeing his secular movement turn eventually into a full-fledged religious order. Meanwhile, he takes pride in such signs of success as the recent elections at the big Someca auto-parts plants where two of his missionaries worked for a year: for the first time the Communist C.G.T. lost to the Christian Workers Union.

## More Blessed to Give

What does one give a bishop for Christmas? Or a Presbyterian seminarian? Or a nun? The advertising pages of denominational publications are full of suggestions. In this world of black and white, too, eyes are peeled for bargains ("Close-Out—BLACK SUITS—Only 52 Available!"), and alert to style ("Nuns' Stylish Handbags—Outside Zipper Pocket—\$7.84").

There is a notable trend this year toward ecclesiastical do-it-yourself. "Save up to 50%," J. Theodore Cuthbertson Inc. urges readers of Episcopal and Presbyterian magazines, "on Finest Quality Church Vestments with Ready-to-Sew Cut-Out Kits." Hopkins Co. offers Episcopalians a "Once-a-Year Opportunity—only 150 Poplin Knockabout Cassocks Reduced to \$12," and Cox Sons & Vining advertises a "Utility Anglican Cassock" for \$22.50. Priests would presumably be relieved to receive NOWITEX clerical collars that "never need laundering," while those with large parishes would appreciate a "SACRA-KIT," the "portable sick-call set for dignity and convenience in administering at the bedside" and equipped with removable crucifix, candle holders, candles, linen cloth, holy-water bottle, and SPECIAL ABUTION CUP (\$28.75). A chrome-finish confessional counter ("numbers 1 to 9,999 turn noiselessly") can be had for \$4.50.

"AN IDEAL GIFT FOR YOUR RECTOR" is McGraw-Hill's New Techniques for Church Fund Raising, complete with "Canvass Kit." Luxury item is Gretzinger World Tours' suggestion to "SEND YOUR PASTOR TO THE HOLY LAND in '56." But perhaps the most understanding present of all is offered by Pageant Press, Inc.: "YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED . . . Send manuscript for free report."



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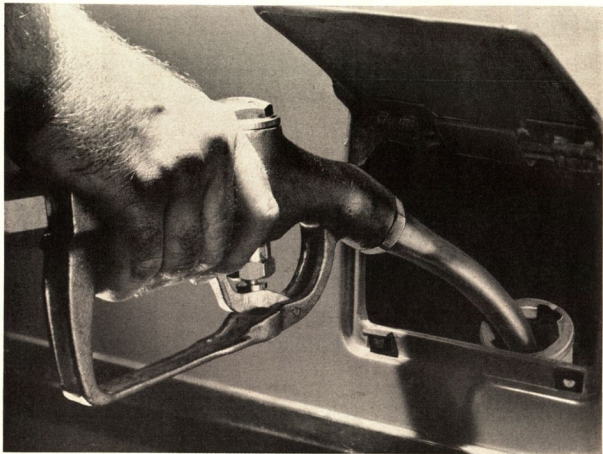




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## SCIENCE

# PIONEERS IN SPACE—AIR FORCE SCIENTISTS FACE THE UNKNOWN

THE U.S. Air Force is many things: young men in airplanes, bases scattered around the earth, schools and radars and stocks of bombs. But it is also an army of scientific pioneers who push out the frontiers of knowledge on dozens of fronts. This scientific army is never at peace; it probes the top of the atmosphere and measures the shape of the earth. Its weapons are drawing boards, wind tunnels, computers, rockets and vacuum tubes. It can never slow down. To keep the U.S. ahead in the race for air power requires daring imagination and the continual skillful use of fantastic equipment.

Few Americans notice the scientific airman. Most of those who are stationed

pointed toward the stars. All these methods give information about the high atmosphere, where future aircraft will fly.

**Nerve Center.** Official headquarters of the Air Research and Development Command is at Baltimore, but the technical nerve center is Wright Air Development Center at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, near Dayton. It dates, under various names, back to World War I, and has grown into a massive tangle of intricate equipment. It tests everything from pin-head-size transistors to heavy bombers, loading them with weights or twisting their wings with tension devices. Turbojet engines, ramjets and rocket motors bellow on test stands like prehistoric monsters.

Wright is still growing. Its researchers are deep in nuclear physics (atomic airplanes are in the offing), and a new \$3,000,000 laboratory will soon be built. But the often-rainy weather of Ohio is better for farming than for flight testing, and the country around houses too many innocent bystanders. A nightmare of Wright authorities is the possibility of dropping a skittish new airplane into downtown Dayton. So Wright has set up distant colonies to perform specialized functions.

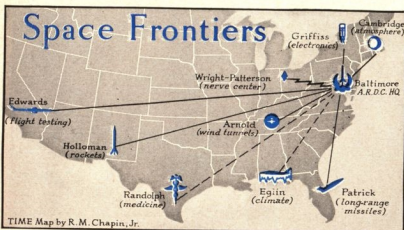
**Fabulous Lake.** Most of the airplane flight testing is now done at Edwards Air Force Base on the Mojave Desert, Calif., a fabulous place where Muroc Dry Lake (so wondrously flat that it curves like the earth) offers 65 square miles of landing area and a 22-mile runway. At Muroc, where the sky is almost always blue, and there is no nearby city to worry about, prototype airplanes make their maiden flights, followed through the sky by radars and theodolites and loaded with instruments that report every strain and flutter by radio-telemetry. Here the world's speed and altitude records (1,650 m.p.h. and 90,000 ft.) by Major Arthur Murray were made in the Bell X-1A. Muroc's most spectacular current project is testing the Bell X-2, a souped-up rocket job that is expected to do better than 2,000 m.p.h.

Successful tests at Edwards and Wright are enough to convince the Air Force that it ought to accept a new airplane. When production models appear, another series of tests begins at Florida's Eglin Air Force Base, 50 miles east of Pensacola, where the Air Proving Ground flies them under every possible condition and evaluates in detail their military value. Eglin, a cluster of many flying fields, occupies a 465,000-acre reservation that was formerly a national forest. It roars all day and sometimes all night with the latest airplanes taking off and landing.

**Arctic Jungle.** Most conspicuous feature at Eglin is the Climatic Hangar, a hulking, thick-walled building with massive doors that can be rolled away on rails. Its interior, big enough for a B-36 (wingspread 230 ft.), is cooled to the temperature (—65° F.) of a cold snap in Alaska. Airplanes and other equipment, including items submitted by the Army and Navy, are put in this giant deepfreeze and "cold-soaked" for days. Then every detail of their operation is tested elaborately by men in Eskimo parkas. All sorts of bugs show up. Lubricants freeze; gaskets leak; insulation grows brittle and cracks; metal parts contract and twist out of line. Only when such defects have been spotted and corrected is an airplane safe to fly at extreme altitudes or from arctic bases.

The Climatic Hangar has other tortures for new equipment. One room can simulate an arctic blizzard, complete with howling wind and sand-blasting snow. Other rooms are as hot as the tropics. One of them is hot and humid, like a jungle, and dusted with spores of voracious fungi purveyed by the Bureau of Standards.

Spacious though Edwards and Eglin are, they are not spacious enough for some



TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

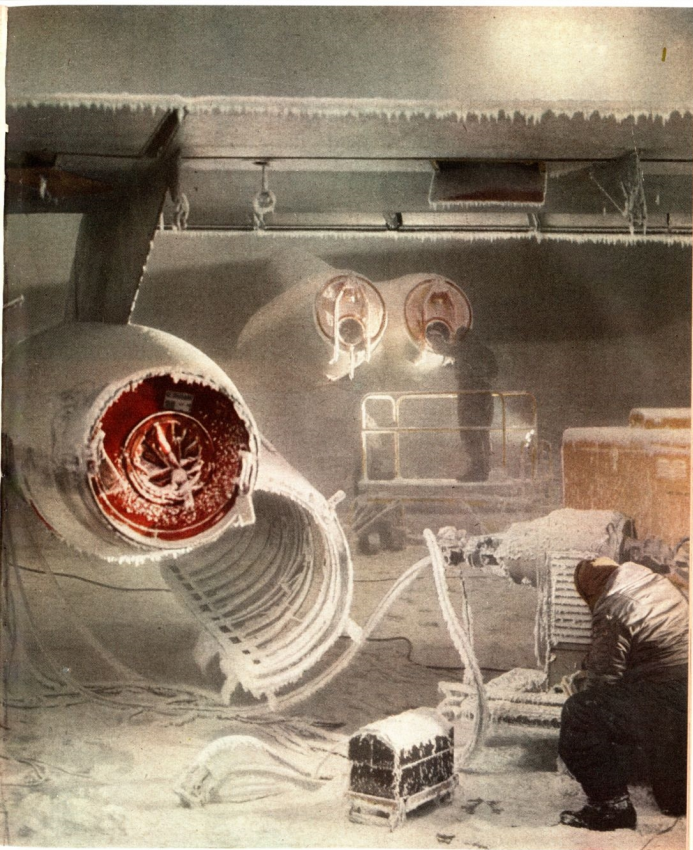
near population centers work in ordinary-looking laboratories. Their projects are quiet ones: electronics, meteorology, untangling the scrambled figures that come from field experiments. Some of these are hard to believe. The Air Force Research Center at Cambridge, Mass., for instance, has a program for mapping mountains on the moon, an operation seemingly unconnected with flight on earth.\*

Far off on deserts, in forests and on snow-covered mountaintops, the scientific shock troops toss rockets out of the atmosphere or study the performance of dangerous experimental airplanes. Some of these men seldom touch aircraft, "inhabited" or "uninhabited." With weird telescopic cameras, they photograph the trails of meteors, measure the night glow of the sky or the brightness of searchlight beams

Less spectacular but not less important gadgets measure the performance of fabrics, plastics, ceramics, alloys and an endless assortment of the electrical nerves and senses that proliferate through modern aircraft. Helicopter rotors spin in test cells that look like oil storage tanks; wind tunnels roar and rumble, solving the endless problems of aerodynamics.

The human body is also tested. Wright whisks men in centrifuges, spinning them like tops, measuring their reaction to violent aircraft motions. It also devises ejection seats, life rafts and survival equipment to bring them back alive when their aircraft fails. More advanced work of this sort is done at the School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Air Force Base, Texas, where specialized physiologists try to adapt fragile-fleshed man to the hostile conditions of high-altitude, high-speed flight. One of their tools is a low-pressure chamber where men in space-cadet pressure suits try to keep at work, while a near-vacuum sucks at their flesh and tries to boil their blood.

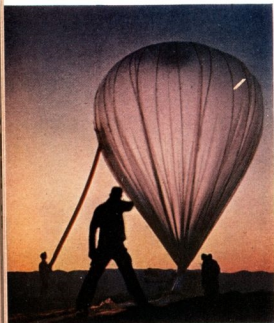
\* Irregularities on the moon's surface affect the observation of solar eclipses, which can be used to measure accurately the distances between earthly continents. This is important for the Air Force's most ambitious project, the intercontinental ballistic missile.



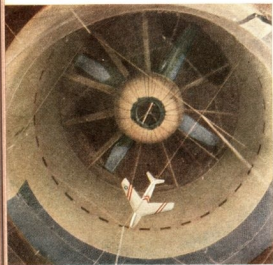
CLIMATIC HANGAR of Air Proving Ground Command, at Eglin A.F.B., Fla., provides artificial environment for testing planes and equipment under varying climatic conditions and

temperatures (from  $-85^{\circ}$  to  $160^{\circ}$  F.). Here, with temperature at  $-65^{\circ}$ , heavy-clothed airmen test electrical equipment of ice-crusted Douglas RB-66 and (rear) engines of a Boeing B-52.

MEDICAL OFFICERS, in unit-identification helmets at School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph A.F.B., Texas, study signs of failing coordination at "30,000 feet" in sealed chamber that simulates pressures and oxygen of rapidly changing altitudes.



PLASTIC BALLOON, for cosmic radiation and other research at heights up to 130,000 ft., is launched at dawn on New Mexico desert.



VERTICAL WIND TUNNEL, 12 ft. wide, at Wright Air Development Center, tests spin and recovery characteristics of an F-86 model.



INSTANT OF FIRING by booster motor shows Aerobee-HI rocket starting upward through 142-ft. launching tower at Holloman A.F.B., N. Mex. Launched from safety of blockhouse (lower right), Aerobee-HI's have climbed 123 miles for upper air study.



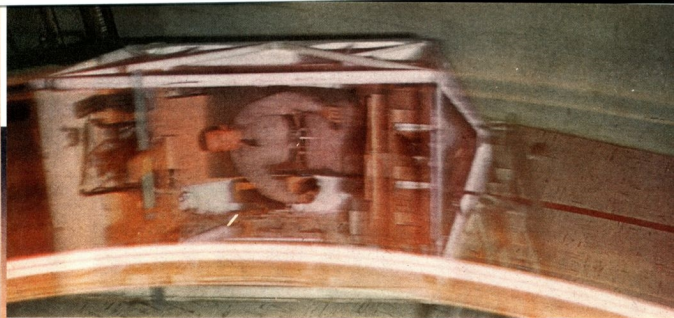


GUIDED MISSILES. TM-61 Matadors, brightly painted for optical tracking, are checked at Patrick A.F.B., Fla. before streaking off at more than 650 m.p.h. over offshore range.



STRUCTURAL TEST of Convair F-102 Delta-wing interceptor, at Wright-Patterson, hydraulically applies forces (through tension patches on wing) that are equal to forces met aloft.





HUMAN CENTRIFUGE, whirling at 40 m.p.h. in tight circle, tests anti-blackout protection afforded fliers by new "g-suit."



EJECTION SEAT tower, shown in fast sequence shots, sends airman hurtling downward at 40 feet per second to test harness safety.

JATO PROPELLANT, used for jet-assist in launching heavy planes, gets temperature and dispersal-pattern test in firing at Wright Development Center.

of the operations of Air Force scientists. Rockets and guided missiles are much too fractious to be tested anywhere near a thickly populated area. So for missile work the Air Force has Holloman Air Force Base in an empty part of New Mexico and Patrick Air Force Base on the coast of Florida.

**Desert Rocket Range.** Holloman is a dreary post in an alkali-dusted desert. But some of the Air Force scientists' most spectacular achievements have been accomplished there. From a tall steel tower Aerobee rockets scream into the sky, carrying instruments to explore the boundaries of space. Sixty Aerobees have been fired, carrying 150-lb. payloads to 70 miles. The new Aerobee-Hi (two have been fired) carries the same load to 150 miles. The Aerobees are research rockets, not weapons, but Holloman also tests moderate-range guided missiles.

Besides these hard-shelled projects, Holloman also works with all-too-soft human flesh. The famed Space Surgeon John Paul Stapp (TIME, Sept. 12) speeds across the desert on his rocket sled to see how much strain the human body can stand. Another Holloman specialty is radio-controlled drone aircraft, which are used as targets and as a means of improving missile guidance systems. Perhaps the most picturesque program is "space biology," which includes sending living organisms (bacteria to monkeys) up to the edge of space in rockets. The condition in which they return to earth gives some idea of what humans will have to prepare for when they fly through space.

**Long-Range Patrick.** Some modern missiles are too long-ranged for Holloman, big and remote as it is. To test these fearsome "birds," most of which are highly secret, the Air Force maintains Patrick Air Force Base on the east coast of central Florida. From Cape Canaveral, a scrub-covered island a few miles offshore, a long, highly instrumented range slants southeast across the Bahamas, skirts the Dominican Republic and crosses a corner of Puerto Rico. This distance, more than 1,000 miles, is enough for the present, but the range is being extended to Ascension Island between Brazil and Africa, making its total length more than 5,000 miles.

Most of the activities at Patrick are not for publication. Except for the Matador, an "aerodynamic" (wing-supported) missile that is operational and obsolete, the public gets only glimpses of the birds that it puts on the wing. Some of them rise out of the atmosphere, but not all. One of them, the Snark, has had so many mishaps that the sea near the start of the range has been ruefully called the "Snark-infested waters of Cape Canaveral."

**Hypersonic Tunnels.** Present-day aircraft and missiles grew out of wind tunnels that are comparatively small or slow. To design the missiles of the future, whose speed will be respectable on the astronomical scale, requires wind tunnels of a new order of size and speed. A group of these monsters, whose jointed shells look a little like primitive mollusks, is nearing completion at Arnold Engineering Development Center, at Tullahoma,

Tenn. Only one of the smaller tunnels is in use, but air races through it at up to 4,000 m.p.h.

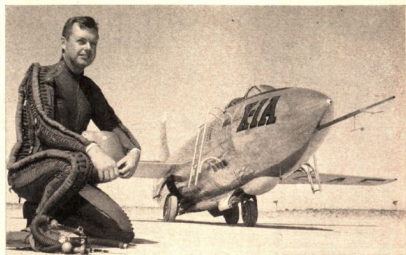
This is only a beginning. The biggest tunnels will duplicate or simulate flight at ten times the speed of sound (7,600 m.p.h.). At this "hypersonic" speed, one of the major problems is the sudden cooling of the racing air, whose chilled oxygen and nitrogen condense into mist. To keep the air from playing this trick, it must be heated to as high as 1,500° F., and the walls must be water-cooled to keep them from fusing. One of the tunnels will need electric motors of 200,000 h.p. to push its air. The data that flow from all the tunnels will be digested instantaneously by Univac computers.

Out of the information discovered at Tullahoma will grow hypersonic missiles that will be at home in the top of the atmosphere like non-burning meteors. Pre-

Existing missiles pass through the upper atmosphere (hardly understood at all), and future missiles will eventually move through space under the influence of the earth's gravitation (which is not constant). So the Air Force scientists must reach for every scrap of information about the atmosphere and the earth.

One of their outlying stations is a solar observatory on Sacramento Peak, N. Mex. (the sun stirs the air and electrifies its upper layers). Another group from Cambridge does its field work at Holloman, sending instruments up on rockets to bring back a better picture of the upper atmosphere.

Over much of the earth range the Cambridge scientists. They study the weather and try to predict it; they try to modify cloud formations; they fly instrumented B-47s into the jet stream that races around the earth; they study radiation



TEST PILOT MURRAY & BELL X-1A

From Florida's Snark-infested waters to the mountains of the moon.

sumably they will be tested in the 5,000-mile range from Patrick to Ascension Island. But before these birds can fly, the Air Force must know thousands of things about the air and the earth, the sun and the moon. It needs faster and better electronic equipment.

Headquarters for esoteric electronics is Rome Air Development Center at Griffiss Air Force Base in upstate New York. Here the Air Force scientists work out guidance devices for the far-flying missiles, radar to detect them, and communication systems to warn of attack. One of Rome's most secret concerns is electronic warfare: methods of using radio waves to deceive and confuse an enemy attack whether by airplane or missiles.

**Earth, Sun, Air.** The farthest frontiers of Air Force science are the charge of Cambridge Research Center, Bedford, Mass. It is a strange outfit, and most of its programs seem to have little to do with any kind of warfare. There is a pattern, however. Aircraft of today fly in the lower atmosphere, which is not too well understood. Soon they will fly much higher where knowledge is even more scanty.

from atomic weapons (it may be a problem for aircraft that drop them); they map in new detail the earth's magnetic field (missiles may steer by it); they study the shape of the earth and look for anomalies (variations) in its gravitational field. Missiles curving through space above the atmosphere will be affected by an anomaly, and when the first satellites hurry around the earth, their orbits will be waved and scalloped by varying forces reaching out from its center. So the Cambridge men must hurry and tell the Air Force all they can discover about the planet that earthlings ride on.

All the other Air Force scientists must hurry too; every new weapon project calls for materials and components of higher and higher performance. Human nerves and senses and brains must be better understood, and nonhuman brains (computing devices) with greater intelligence must be constructed. Ideas of promise must be exploited, and new ideas must be extracted from both gadget-makers and theoretical scientists. There is no rest in the fight for air power, and no end in sight.

# MUSIC

## The Wild Birds Do Whistle

To the purists, it is not really a folk song if it gets "mechanical reiteration" instead of being passed by mouth from generation to generation. But no American song in many a generation has got as much reiteration in such a short time, mechanical or otherwise, as *Sixteen Tons*. It is currently the No. 1 hit on almost every list. It has been called deeply American by some and dangerously radical by others. Where did it come from?

Along with its creator, Songwriter Merle Travis, it came out of Kentucky, still a stronghold of American folk song.

**The Minor Mode.** Not so long ago, when there was not much reading and writing in the Kentucky coal-mining mountains, let alone radio or TV, folk singing was one way to keep track of history. In the town of Dwarf (pop. 300), near Viper, in Perry County, there are folks who can still remember a blind fellow named Oakes, singing about what was going on:

*Over the land and over the sea  
We are marching to set Cuba free;  
In the midst of the battle, our watch-  
word's the Maine  
That was destroyed by the treachery of  
Spain.*

Nowadays, such chanted songs are becoming ghosts, along with the company towns and the many mines that have been picked clean of coal. But sooty men still work the smaller mines; they still live in unpainted shacks with their families, and some still try to preserve the old songs. "Hand me my ducy-more," 62-year-old "Aunt" Ellen Fields chirp to a visitor at her house near Viper. "This thang hain't much good any more. Ah put in a new fret—just took a pin and bit the head offen h't—but h't still don't play too good." When she plays, she puts the three-stringed instrument across her lap, then strums out the tune on the top string while the bottom two give off a thin, constant drone. For lonesome songs, she tunes the top string down a third to get a minor mode. Sample:

*Down in some lone valley, in a lone-  
some place,  
Where the wild birds do whistle and  
their notes do increase,  
Farewell, pretty Saro, I bid you adieu,  
But I'll dream of pretty Saro wherever  
I go.*

**The Company Store.** Some of the young people memorize age-old, unwritten hymns and sing them of a Sunday in the Baptist Church, but most of them soon turn to "that jump-up" music. "I hear that hillbilly music," grumps one old-timer, "but it don't do me pretty much good." Many of the youngsters leave the Kentucky coal-mining country altogether. One miner's son who left, took along his guitar and kept his feeling for the old music, was Merle Travis of Beech Creek



AUNT ELLEN FIELDS  
Dad couldn't afford to die.

(pop. 788), across the state from Viper. Merle broadcast songs from Cincinnati's WLW before the war, served a hitch in the Marines and wound up in Hollywood. He remembered the long, workless summers when his father, deafened by years near the roaring "shaker" screens, would get him to listen for the whistle that was the call back to the mines. If it blew, there would be work—and singing in the Travis house that night.

When Travis decided to record some coal miners' songs in 1947, there were



DORLE & DARIO SORIA  
Their cherubs are alive.

hardly any to be found, so he wrote some—including *Sixteen Tons*. It was recorded for Capitol recently by deep-voiced Tennessee Ernie Ford, and leaped to the top of the nation's bestseller lists as fast as any record ever made. It has a driving beat, like the cars clanking to and from the underground yard, and its words carry a kind of homey cynicism:

*You load sixteen tons, what do you get?  
Another day older and deeper in debt.  
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause  
I can't go,  
I owe my soul to the company store.*

"I wrote the song for purely professional reasons," says Songwriter Travis. "I simply needed a song. The chorus is from a saying my Dad often used. He never saw real money. He was constantly in debt to the coal company. When shopping was needed, Dad would go to a window and draw little brass tokens against his account. They could only be spent at the company store. His humorous expression was, 'I can't afford to die. I owe my soul to the company store.'" Added a friend: maybe the song strikes home to Americans "because we all live on credit and owe our souls to some sort of company store."

## Angel at Two

Such diverse musical attractions as the Scots Guards Regimental Band, Violinist David Oistrakh and the Obernkirchen Children's Choir have one thing in common during their U.S. tours: in the program booklets or in ads appears a small, well-fed cherub who seems to be doodling with a long quill. This is the trademark of Angel Records, only two years old and one of the brightest, most enterprising record companies in the U.S. today.

Its roster of artists is impressive. In many cases the Angel touch has helped to make stars out of performers once little more than names in the U.S., notably Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Conductor Herbert von Karajan with London's Philharmonia Orchestra, Russian Pianist Emil Gilels. Some record shoppers will buy the bright, cellophane-wrapped Angel albums for the label alone. Although Angel's sales are still well behind Victor and Columbia, the company now ranks fourth in classical LP sales (just behind London), and rival record executives have come to regard the muscle-flexing cherub nervously.

**Married to a Giant.** Like morning TV shows, Angel is run by a canny husband-and-wife team, but there is nothing sleepy-eyed about Dario and Dorle Soria. Rome-born Dario Soria got into the record business more or less as a hobby while he was working as a radio director at CBS, and started to bring Italy's lively Cetra opera recordings to the U.S. as a sideline. The sideline grew into a busy firm (Cetra-Soria), which five years later Soria sold to Capitol in a deal that reportedly involved \$1 million. In 1953 Britain's giant Electric & Musical Industries Ltd., whose position in Europe is comparable to RCA's in the U.S., was looking around for a new U.S. outlet after getting divorced from



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Columbia. EMI eventually hitched up with Dario Soria, who became boss of its newly formed U.S. subsidiary. His wife Dorie gave up her long-standing job as press director for the Philharmonic Symphony to take charge of Angel's artists, repertory and publicity.

From the beginning, the Angel line was enticingly baited. Examples:

¶ Its unusually attractive cover art (printed in Europe) includes reproductions of works by famed artists, e.g., Michelangelo's *David* emblazons the *Israel Philharmonic* albums, Picasso's *Nature morte à la tête antique* is on Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra*, an old print of French General Rochambeau with Washington at Yorktown goes with the second volume by the Garde Républicaine Band.

¶ Its disks, shipped in from England, are well-engineered, have quiet grooves and vital sound.

¶ Program notes are written by recognized authorities, e.g., Verdi Biographer Francis Toye.

¶ Its jackets are built with a doweled spine wide enough to carry lettering. In addition, records are "factory-sealed" for protection against being played by record-shop disk jockeys. They sell for \$4.98, and sell as well or better than the same records in unadorned envelopes for \$3.48.

¶ Its promotion is designed for the music lover with his nose in the air, e.g., "It's more than a gift, it's a compliment."

In its programming, Angel sometimes rushes in where even the foolhardy fear to tread, e.g., it has released such a risqué modern work as Poulenc's *Les Mamelles de Térésias*. But there is also a large quota of safe and popular items—currently a new *Madama Butterfly* (the seventh on LP) and Oistrakh playing Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*. On the chic side, there are exquisite performances of the most sensuous musings of Debussy (*Trois Nocturnes, La Mer*) and Ravel (*Daphnis et Chloé, L'Heure Espagnole*). There are also imposing works of Stravinsky and Bartók. Even the middlebrow part of the catalogue is pretty dressy when a soprano of the stature of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf stars in Johann Strauss' *Fledermaus*.

**Lapping It Up.** Dorie's years in the concert business have sharpened the Soria's musical taste, and Dario's residence in radio row has sharpened their box-office sense. Most records originate with EMI, but "I get ideas," says Dorie. She read Gerald Moore's book *The Unashamed Accompanist*, about his ups and downs at the keyboard, and thought it would make the basis of a good record. It did. "We have some friends who love cats," she adds. "I like cats all right, and a cat record occurred to me." *Practical Cats*, with Robert Donat reading T. S. Eliot poems to music by Alan Rawsthorne, turned up in due course. The reading is humorless and the music is indifferent, but cat lovers are lapping it all up.

Says Dorie: "I treat my records like artists. They are alive, like artists going into your home. I can't treat records like pancakes."

## THE THEATER

### Half-New Play in Manhattan

**The Matchmaker** (by Thornton Wilder) by another name did not smell anything like so sweet. As *The Merchant of Yonkers*—a rewrite of a century-old Viennese farce—it was pretty much of a flop when produced on Broadway in 1938. But as further rewritten by Playwright Wilder and lustily staged by Tyrone Guthrie, what once merely clattered now careens, what formerly sputtered now explodes. There is a brazen, often hilarious farcicality about it all. In a production gagged to the teeth, liberty lurches into license, license swaggers into outrageousness, and



WILL RAPPAPORT  
RUTH GORDON & LORING SMITH  
Whocking and huffing to the altar.

farce reasserts its ancient claim to a kind of benevolent hoodlumism.

Laid in Yonkers in the '80s, and concerned with a rich, tightfisted old widower in search of a wife, the play tells how a scheming lady matchmaker blows out every match she gets lighted, till she herself manages to become the conquering flame. The story does nothing so genteel as unfold. It catapults and ricochets: characters bounce out of trapdoors, squeeze into closets, hide under tables, eavesdrop behind screens; boys dress up as girls and cab drivers loop with drink, identities are mistaken and purses mislaid. There is all the homey, cheerful pandemonium of a horse-and-buggy age whose inhabitants may have been inhibited but whose playwriting decidedly was not.

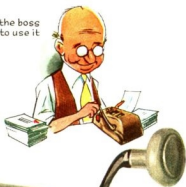
British Director Guthrie conducts a brilliant bombardment. In the title role, a bewigged and umbrella'd Ruth Gordon gloriously whacks and wheedles her way to the altar while Loring Smith huffs and bellows, and British Actress Eileen Herlie plays a vivacious widow with bright, broad charm. If sometimes just loud and at



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Print your postage in any amount, for any kind of mail, directly on the envelope—as and when you need it. At the same time, your meter prints a dated postmark to help speed your mail through the postoffice—and, with it, your own small ad, if you like.

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You always have the right stamp on hand. The postoffice sets the meter for as much postage as you want to

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other times too cute, *The Matchmaker* can also, as in a sudden whispered harmonizing of *Tenting Tonight*, turn warm and sweet. It can even be a little bashfully philosophical. Everyone connives with too much good nature and high spirits for any real claw to lurk beneath such a catcher's mitt of a play. But there are intimations, at least, that mankind is wonderfully foolish and money looms immoderately large; and that for all its caperings and disguises the play does not too wildly misrepresent the human species.

## MILESTONES

**Marriage Revealed.** Marlene Bauer, 21, spotlight golfer, onetime barnstormer with her older sister Alice ("the golden Bauers"); and Robert Hage, 28, towering (6 ft. 5 in.) golf pro; he for the second (his first: sister Alice), she for the first time; on Dec. 1, in Geneva, N.Y.

**Died.** John Caskis Collet, 57, judge of the Eighth U.S. Court of Appeals, who was "borrowed" from the bench in 1945 by President Truman to head the Office of Economic Stabilization; after long illness; in Kansas City, Mo.

**Died.** Henry Suydam, 64, two-time State Department press chief (since 1953 under John Foster Dulles; 1921-22 under Charles Evans Hughes), longtime newspaper (the defunct *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Newark News*); in Washington.

**Died.** Herman Weyl, 70, famed German-born mathematician, professor emeritus at Princeton University's Institute for Advanced Study, author (*The Open World*, *Mind and Nature*); of a heart attack; in Zurich. One of the original faculty members, Dr. Weyl joined the institute in 1933 after repeated invitations from the late Dr. Albert Einstein.

**Died.** Jiro Minami, 81, onetime hard-drinking, samurai-style Japanese army general (at 60 he was a good fencer, an expert with the broadsword), war minister in 1931, when the Japanese army marched into Manchuria, ambassador and commander-in-chief in Manchukuo 1934-36, tyrannical governor general of Korea 1936-42; of uremic poisoning; in Kamakura, Japan. In 1945, Minami was ordered arrested by General MacArthur with ten other class A war criminals; he was paroled last year from Tokyo's Sugamo Prison because of ill health.

**Died.** John Peter ("Honus") Wagner, 81, the "Flying Dutchman," famed as baseball's greatest shortstop; in Carnegie, Pa. (see SPORT).

**Died.** Charles P. Gaither, 88, developer in 1901 of an early automobile (the Fredonia B-68, which won a 500-mile New York-Boston-New York race in 1902) and an early half-tone newspaper engraving process; in Youngstown, Ohio.

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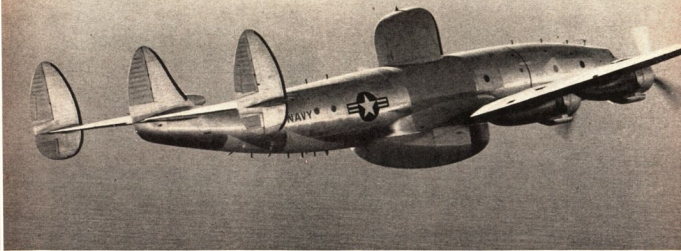
*Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State in which this announcement is circulated from only such of the underwriters, including the undersigned, as may legally offer these securities in compliance with the securities laws of such State.*

Reynolds & Co., Inc.



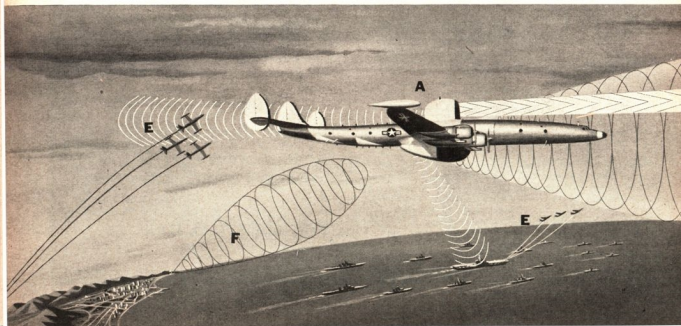
# New U.S. Concept for **TOTAL DEFENSE**

*In this age of awesome airborne nuclear weapons, a vast umbrella of airborne electronics will safeguard our nation against sneak attack*



**BELOW—A WEAPONS SYSTEM IN ACTION.** An electronics-laden Super Constellation early-warning plane (A), patrolling our outermost defense perimeter hundreds of miles from our shores and borders, from its high altitude can "see" beyond the horizon and detect both

high-flying and low-flying enemy aircraft (B). Using its powerful search radar (C) and height-finder radar beam (D) to pinpoint position of invaders, the patrol plane alerts our interceptors (E), which swarm aloft and are radar-guided through fog or darkness to intercept and





**LEFT—EARLY-WARNING RADAR PATROL.** Designated the WV-2 by U.S. Navy and EC-121 by USAF, these radar-domed Lockheed Super Constellations carry six tons of electronics and a 31-man crew. Super Constellations are ideal for this duty because of their famed all-weather stability and extremely long range.

**ABOVE—ROCKET-FIRING STARFIRE INTERCEPTOR.** First of the almost-automatic all-weather interceptors, the Lockheed F-94C Starfire is an example of Lockheed's leadership in the design and development of airborne electronics. This deadly defender and other interceptors will soon be supplemented by—

Farsighted Pentagon planning and recent amazing technological developments by U.S. science and industry are rapidly making our nation's **TOTAL DEFENSE** system the most formidable in all history.

Lockheed's role in implementing our new Weapons System concept and in Systems management, is an important one. Thousands of Lockheed military aircraft, of nine widely different types, are already in service. Other advanced planes, missiles and electronic guidance devices are in production, undergoing tests or on the drawing boards at Lockheed. And Lockheed's pioneering leadership in design and development of airborne electronics will continue to contribute heavily to **TOTAL DEFENSE**.



**STILL-SECRET F-104 SUPERSONIC JET FIGHTER.** (Photo not yet released.) A high-ranking USAF officer said of the F-104: "This is a fighter pilot's dream. We feel confident that it is the fastest, highest-flying fighter in the air, anywhere."

**THREE PHOTOS AT LEFT** show crew members of Super Constellation early-warning plane at work. (Top) Navigator plotting a fix; (center) observers at radar consoles plotting altitude, speed and course of unidentified aircraft; (bottom) fighter-director charting position and path of approaching aircraft.

## Lockheed

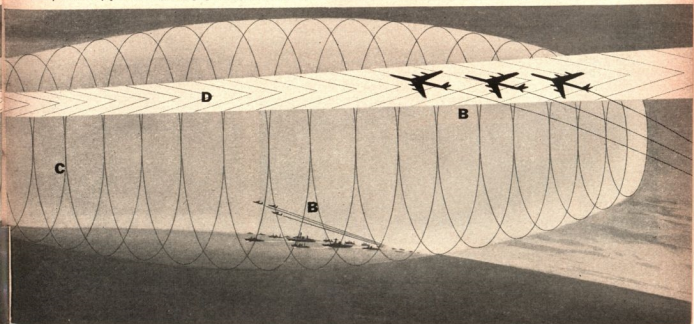
**AIRCRAFT CORPORATION**

California Division, Burbank, Calif.  
Georgia Division, Marietta, Ga.  
Missile Systems Division, Van Nuys, Calif.  
Lockheed Air Terminal, Burbank, Calif.  
Lockheed Aircraft Service, Burbank, Calif.

**LOOK TO LOCKHEED FOR LEADERSHIP**

destroy the attackers with high-speed rockets or missiles. Any enemy aircraft penetrating our barrier patrol areas would be detected by shore-based radar stations (F) and Ground Observer Corps outposts continuously manned by patriotic civilians helping to keep our nation free.

**A CAREER IN MILITARY AVIATION ASSURES A FINE FUTURE FOR YOUNG MEN OVER 17. SEE YOUR NAVY OR AIR FORCE RECRUITING OFFICER.**



## STATE OF BUSINESS

### Recovery & Advance

The stock market last week reached an alltime high of 487.80 in the Dow-Jones industrial index—more than recouping the September loss—before receding slightly. The upsurge was helped by a spate of favorable business reports: a 9.5% rise in corporation dividends over last year in 1955's first ten months; new records for November in employment and steel output; a new peak annual rate of \$309.6 billion in personal income, set in October.

The future also looked bright. In Washington, a U.S. Chamber of Commerce symposium on the business outlook for 1956 concluded that, while the rate of economic growth in '56 would be slower than in '55, "next year may well be our best year in history." Chamber Economist Emerson P. Schmidt also predicted a continuing decline in agricultural income, but said the drop would begin to slow up. There was little fear of inflation; Schmidt foresaw a rise of but 1% to 2% in the consumer price index next year. The spokesmen for various industries were also bullish. Among the predictions: construction would set a new record for the eleventh consecutive year; automobile production would hit 7,500,000 to 8,000,000 cars, equalling this year's; department- and specialty-retail sales would top '55 peaks by 5% to 10%.

## AUTOS

### "Red" v. "Senator Joe"

Before the Senate's Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee last week went General Motors President Harlow H. Curttice to answer charges that G.M. had 1) become too big, 2) abused its dealers, e.g., it refused to give more than one-year franchises. Right off the bat Harlow Curttice announced that G.M. was offering to turn the one-year franchises of all its 17,000 dealers into five-year contracts. The announcement caught Subcommittee Chairman Joseph C. O'Mahoney by surprise, but he quickly broke into a pleased smile and congratulated Curttice for taking "the suggestion I made when you were last here . . . I hope that Ford will promptly



GENERAL MOTORS' CURTTICE  
Millions for both sides.

take cognizance of what you have done, and Chrysler likewise."

There were more smiles as the hearings dragged through their fifth week, and the smoke-filled, green-walled hearing room took on the air of a gentlemen's club. To rambling Joe O'Mahoney, Curttice became "Red." To carefully tailored Harlow Curttice, O'Mahoney became "Senator Joe."

To answer charges that it bullied dealers, G.M. put William F. Hufstader, vice president for distribution, on the stand. Case by case, Hufstader brought out the records. Among them:

❑ Pontiac Dealer M. H. Yager of Albany, N.Y., who testified that he had been bullied by G.M. and would show only "a small profit during 1955," actually made \$81,898 in salary, bonus and net profit during the year's first ten months, even though he spent only half his time in the auto business. On an original investment of \$10,000 (half of it borrowed), Yager made more than \$1 million in 15 years.

❑ Buick-Chevrolet-Pontiac Dealer Lee Anderson of Lake Orion, Mich., who complained that the company permitted em-

ployees to buy cars at a discount for resale, had his facts wrong. Employees could buy only one car a year, had to promise not to sell it until introduction of the next model. G.M. canceled his franchise only after Anderson publicly and repeatedly "bitterly criticized" G.M. policies. But Anderson was not ruined: between 1946 and 1954, Anderson made \$700,000 in salaries and profits.

❑ J. Ed Travis Jr., a St. Charles, Mo. Buick, Pontiac and G.M.C. truck dealer, lost his franchise because "he simply did not meet the challenge presented by the current automobile market."

❑ Conway, Ark. Oldsmobile Dealer J. B. Silaz Jr., who complained that he could not get enough cars, actually wanted to operate "as a new-car broker rather than as a dealer," i.e., sell to bootleggers.

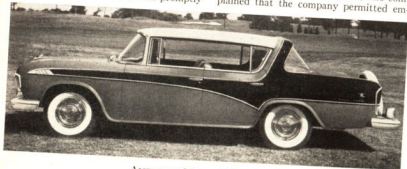
By week's end the hearings had almost petered out. The platoon of G.M. brass gathered up their papers and went home, leaving assistants to clean up odds and ends of testimony over the next few weeks. What had O'Mahoney accomplished? The hearings showed that G.M. executives did their homework before they took the stand, that they freely cooperated with the committee, and that they ran a highly efficient business. While some of G.M.'s 17,000 dealers were clearly sore, the records proved that even they had done well. Quipped one newsmen: "It's just an argument between big millionaires and little millionaires." In what O'Mahoney had originally billed as a full-dress probe into big business, G.M. had come off well.

### Gamble on the Rambler

As boss of the biggest independent automaker, American Motors' President George Romney believes that the only way to compete with the Big Three is to make a car they do not have. That car: the Rambler. Due in Nash and Hudson dealers' showrooms this week is the completely redesigned 1956 Rambler, with lower body lines, a 108-in. wheelbase (v. about 115 in. for Ford and Chevy), and a bigger engine (120 h.p. v. 90 h.p. last year) that will still get as much as 30 miles a gallon. To make the Rambler distinctive, as well as stronger, American added a wrap-around roof girdle over the rear window.

On the Rambler, Romney is virtually staking the future of American Motors. He has already put \$21 million into retooling for the '56 models (64% of the year's budget for improving company products), thereby boosted production capacity 60% to 800 cars daily. In '56, three-fifths of all the cars American rolls off the assembly lines will be Ramblers.

**The Challenger.** Back of the gamble is Romney's conviction that the trend is toward a smaller car—especially for a second car. His competitors agree that cars may not get any bigger, but do not think that a smaller car will go over. Romney



AMERICAN MOTORS' RAMBLER  
Millions for the future.



## TIME CLOCK

stands unshaken. He has crusaded against the "big, gas-guzzling dinosaurs," even though he admits: "We make them too." In fact, Hudson production for 1955 rose 30% to an estimated 24,700, and Nash 46% to about 43,300. But the big seller is the Rambler. Sales jumped 161% to 87,600 cars. One good sign that it is fast catching on is its average resale price, which topped the other low-priced cars all last spring and summer. Next year Romney hopes to boost Rambler sales to 150,000, its share of the market from this year's estimated 1.2% to about 2.2%.

But for the independents, competition from the Big Three is rough; and when American reported this week on its first full fiscal year since the Nash-Hudson merger, the balance sheet showed it. In the year ending Sept. 30, American lost \$6,956,425. Stockholders found some cheer in the fact that it was only about half the 1954 losses (and it was well below Studebaker-Packard's \$10,301,513 loss for 1955's first nine months). And 88% of American's 1955 losses came in the first six months, before savings made from the consolidation of Nash and Hudson.

**Fruits of Merger.** To cut production costs, American moved Hudson assembly lines out of Detroit, consolidated all finished-car assembly at Kenosha, Wis. It adopted the Big Three's practice of using the same body shells for several lines of cars, consolidated Hudson and Nash field operations and warehousing. One of the company's big expenses is buying V-8 engines from Packard for Hudson Hornets and Nash Ambassadors. Early next year American will put into production its own \$10 million, V-8 engine plant, further cut costs.

The rest of American was doing well. ReDisCo, the wholly-owned finance company with an annual volume of more than \$100 million, was thriving, and the Kelvinator and Leonard appliance lines were booming. Says Romney: "Our appliance business is up 30% this year." For the entire company, he is hopeful about the future. Though he expects to lose money in 1956's first fiscal quarter, he expects to go in the black in the second, stay there and show a profit for the year.

## MANAGEMENT

### Guest in the House

The 3,000 delegates to the 60th Congress of the National Association of Manufacturers in Manhattan last week could not have picked a happier time to gather. They were in the closing days of their best year in history, and on the verge of one that might, as Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks said, be even better (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). The increases in capital spending planned by some industries were eye-popping: railroads would spend 55% more in the first quarter of '56, durable-goods manufacturers 25% more, nondurable-goods makers 12% more.

**DEFENSE PROFITS** will be bigger under a new Pentagon directive affecting about \$3 billion worth of contracts annually, mostly for aircraft. Instead of limiting profits to a flat 5% of costs, the Pentagon will give suppliers "progress payments" as goods are delivered, include not only costs of labor, materials and plant overhead but also an interim profit ranging from 6% to 11%. Profits will be subject to renegotiation later, but estimates are that they will average about 10%.

**JET-TRANSPORT ORDERS** are still climbing. The latest: Eastern Air Lines for 26 Douglas DC-8s (six with Pratt & Whitney J57 engines, the rest with bigger J75s) worth \$165 million, for delivery starting in May 1959; Japan Air Lines for four DC-8s worth \$27 million, for delivery in 1960; Continental Air Lines for four Boeing 707s worth \$21.3 million, for delivery in May 1959. Orders and options to date: 99 Douglas DC-8s, 60 Boeing 707 jetliners.

**CHRISTMAS-CARD BOOM** will break all records this year, says the National Association of Greeting Card Publishers, who predict a gross of \$175 million on 2 billion cards. Biggest sellers: religious cards, which have climbed from 5% of the market in 1940 to nearly 25% this year; Santa Claus, who was No. 3 last year, has tumbled down the chimney to No. 8 spot in 1955.

**FARM-SUBSIDY CEILING** is getting strong support in President Eisenhower's Cabinet. Treasury Secretary Humphrey is privately urging Agriculture Secretary Benson to adopt the idea (once part of the controversial Brannan Plan), possibly put a \$25,000 limit on the price support any one farmer can collect.

**RAILROAD DEAL** between the St. Louis-San Francisco Railroad and the Central of Georgia is finally in the works after about two years of effort by Frisco President Clark Hungerford. For more than \$15 mil-

lion, Frisco has bought 239,709 shares of Central stock (47% of the total), is filing application with the ICC for permission to buy control of Central, making a new system stretching 7,000 miles from the Midwest to the Atlantic Coast. The two roads will be operated as separate divisions under their current managements, have a combined value of nearly \$500 million.

**COFFEE PRICES**, already slipping, will drop lower next year. U.S. Agriculture Department forecasts that coffee crops in Latin America next year will hit 46.5 million bags, 1,500,000 bags more than earlier estimate and 5,000,000 bags more than this year's crop.

**CLINTON FOODS**, which last year sold its Snow Crop frozen-food division to Minute Maid for \$22.5 million (Time, Dec. 13, 1954), has sold off the rest of its production facilities. For \$58 million, Clinton sold its corn-processing (syrup, starch, animal feeds) and partition (food cases) business to Standard Brands.

**ATOMIC POWER PLANT** for Nebraska will be backed by the U.S. Government. To help make the power competitive with other sources, the AEC will contribute 30% of the estimated \$25 million cost of a reactor with a 75,000-kw. capacity (enough for 300,000 homes) for the state-owned Consumers Public Power District. The reactor will reduce the cost of electricity from 11 mills per kwh to 8 mills per kwh. North American Aviation will build the reactor, start work next year and have it finished by 1959.

**COTTON SALES ABROAD** will increase if Agriculture Secretary Benson has his way. With the glut now at 11 million bales and pushing out wheat as the No. 1 surplus headache, Benson feels that the current 1,000,000-bale limit for sale abroad is too low, wants to sell at least double that amount at prices under world levels.

**High Optimism.** Other speakers added to the mood of high optimism. There seemed little concern about any unsettling effects on business of the '56 presidential campaign. Most delegates hoped President Eisenhower would run again; if not, their choice seemed to be Vice President Richard Nixon.

But in their happiest hours last week, members were not allowed to forget that even under a Republican Administration there are dangers. Newly installed President Cola G. Parker told the delegates that "creeping socialism is now walking. A hundred years ago Karl Marx set down ten ways to Communism, e.g., from abolition of property in land to free education for all in public schools. When you check them off, you'll find we're already well on our way to the achievement of the Communist State as blueprinted by Marx."

The real fireworks, however, came the next day. In a rare gesture, the N.A.M. invited George Meany to come over from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger meeting (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) 16 blocks away to tell members, "What Organized Labor Expects of Management."

Meany made clear that he expected the hand of friendship. U.S. labor and management, he said, "have much in common and little, really, that they can take a different attitude about." He listed points of mutual agreement: devotion to the profit system, recognition of management's right to manage, dislike of Government interference, hostility toward Communism. Meany even conceded that the Wagner Act, which labor regards as its Magna Carta, "perhaps went too far one way, just as I think the Taft-Hartley Act goes too far the other way. I never went on



# THE SHRINKING AIR

## Needed: Better Highways in the Sky

ON today's crowded airways, the chances of mid-air collisions are increasing at a fast rate. Every day, pilots estimate, there are four near-misses on commercial flights. In the 600 m.p.h. jet age coming over the horizon, the problem will grow even more serious. As a result, an angry argument is rocking U.S. aviation. The Air Force, already flying jets, and the airlines, soon to get them, charge that the Government's air traffic control system is hopelessly obsolete, and that no new system is being devised to take its place. For that, they have long blamed the Civil Aeronautics Administration, which polices the airways, and its boss, Frederick Billings Lee. This week, under heavy fire from commercial airlines tacitly backed by the Air Force, CAA Administrator Lee sent his resignation to the White House and quit after nearly ten years with CAA; into his job stepped CAA's deputy chief, Charles J. Lowen Jr.

Professional airmen—and airline passengers—have good reason to worry about the CAA's control system. The rules for instrument (IFR) and visual (VFR) flight which were good enough when planes were few and slow, are dangerously dated with thousands of speedy private, commercial and military craft crowding the airways. And the situation will get worse with jets. To be economical, fuel-gulping jets must make high-speed letdowns from cruising altitudes and land immediately. But under today's controls, such high-speed penetrations are too dangerous to allow over airports with dozens of planes milling about. Thus, jets will have to wait their turn, cost more to operate and lose much of their speed value for travelers.

What the Air Force and the airlines want is a new, almost fully automatic traffic system to control every plane in the sky with electronic precision. Operating with radar, to find the planes and compute their positions at all times, the system would be able to handle all traffic at all altitudes, almost exactly like the railroad block system controls trains. About 85% of all plane movements would be handled by automatic signals from ground equipment; pilots would be told exactly where and when to let down for a landing, be unerringly guided through a slalom of checkpoints well clear of other planes. The equipment would take an estimated two years to develop, another four to install. Cost: a whopping \$1 billion. But, as Air Force MATS Commander Lieut. General Joseph Smith says: "The cost of a mid-

air collision between one of our B-47s and a passenger-laden Super-Connie could buy a lot of control."

So far, the CAA has been reluctant to push such complete airway control. One big reason is that private pilots are dead set against it, and they pull increasing weight in U.S. aviation. Of 8,963,000 hours flown in civil aviation last year, 70% were flown by private flyers. Furthermore, they own all but 1,175 of the 59,000 U.S. airworthy civilian planes. Yet only 9% of the pilots have instrument ratings necessary to fly on fully controlled airways. Thus, private flyers fear that they will be knocked out of the air by an automatic control system. They demanded Lee be kept at CAA. However, airmen say that private planes will have their own segment of airways to fly on; later, they may be asked to buy a simple radar beacon to show controllers where they are.

Caught between the crossfire of professionals and private airmen, the CAA has moved cautiously. New York City's Idlewild Airport is installing a new \$761,000 system that enables ground controllers to keep track of all planes via more and better radio communication between pilot and controllers. Beyond that, CAA is conducting a special radar study at Washington National Airport on the problems of high-density air traffic control.

But for professional airmen, the work is merely patches on patches. The real need is for a new system. Though CAA Administrator Lee pleaded—and with reason—that he was hampered by a shortsighted appropriation policy in Congress, many airmen feel that he did not fight hard enough for more funds. Recently, stirred by the criticism, the CAA proposed its own compromise plan for a \$916 million expenditure over the next five years. The system consists of more navigational aids, more airways, improved radar and radio systems. But, say the Air Force and airlines, the system will still be only semiautomatic—not fast or efficient enough in an age when 200 m.p.h. jets close head on so fast that the pilots often never even see each other.

No matter which interim system is adopted, there is little doubt that U.S. aviation must be closely regulated with a new system of carefully laid out super highways for jets and a network of secondary "roads" set aside for other, slower planes. The alternative is to hamper the growth of aviation and greatly increase the possibility of disaster for those who fly.

strike in my life, never ordered anyone else to run a strike in my life, never had anything to do with a picket line." The audience applauded, but the spirit of comradeship lasted only a moment.

**Hot Argument.** The next speaker, N.A.M. Board Chairman Charles R. Sligh Jr., minced no words about "What Industry Expects from Organized Labor." As Meany sat stoically, Sligh laced into unions for "irresponsible strikes," and "lawless incidents that bring disgrace and shame to every sincere American." Asked Sligh: "Is it the primary purpose of this organization [A.F.L.-C.I.O.] to seize political control of the country?" Suggesting a five-point code of conduct for labor and management, Sligh called for a return to the open shop and an end to labor's organized political activities.

As Sligh concluded—and the meeting ended—Meany and Sligh ran into each



United Press  
N.A.M.'s President PARKER  
Creeping socialism is walking.

other in the emptying hotel ballroom, and began to argue angrily. Sligh said that the merged union might "pull strings behind the scenes and direct the destinies of the nation" through a "ghost government." Indignantly Meany shot back: "No chance of that. I thought it was [Treasury Secretary George] Humphrey, [Commerce Secretary Sinclair] Weeks and [Defense Secretary Charles] Wilson who were doing that. If the N.A.M. philosophy is to disfranchise unions, then there is no answer but to start a labor party." The closed shop, the union boss snapped, "involves no coercion. It is simply an exercise of our right not to work with a man who is not in a union."

Sligh managed to interject: "Do you believe in segregation?" Meany replied: "This is not segregation." Persisted Sligh: "Then it is discrimination." Retorted Meany: "We belong to a union on exactly the same basis as you belong to the N.A.M." Sligh said: "It's not the same



What a fight against time Santa used to go through  
On the night when his Christmas deliveries were due!



Here's the dependable way he now beats the clock:  
Swift **RAILWAY EXPRESS** helps in moving his stock!

## The big difference is

Especially during the holiday season—when dependable deliveries are so necessary—it pays more than ever to specify Railway Express. Whether your shipment is moving by rail or air, whether you're sending or receiving, Railway Express makes the big difference in speed, economy, and safe, sure delivery.

• • •  
Railway Express, through its network of one third of a million miles of co-ordinated rail, air, water, and truck routes, is ready to handle your important holiday traffic.

Again, as a contribution in the public interest, **RAILWAY EXPRESS** will take your orders for **CARE**.



**... safe, swift, sure**

thing. In a union you can't leave and still eat." Back came Meany: "There are more nonunion men eating in America than union men." On that note of sweet unreasonableness, the meeting ended.

New N.A.M. Chief Cola G. Parker, 65, retired president and board chairman of papermakers Kimberly-Clark (Kleenex) is Wisconsin-born, Indiana-reared. He first made good as a New York corporation lawyer; at 47 he went back to Wisconsin to make good all over again as an industrialist. He joined Kimberly-Clark of Neenah, Wis. in 1937 as financial vice president, became its president in 1942, chairman in 1953, and quadrupled the corporation's sales. Parker served the Eisenhower Administration as a member of the Commission on Foreign Economic Policy and as adviser to the U.S. delegation at the GATT negotiations in Geneva last winter. A friend and supporter of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, Parker told newsmen last week he would not support the Senator as a presidential candidate because McCarthy lacks "sufficient experience."

## REAL ESTATE

### Face Lifting in Wall Street

The building boom that has face-lifted mid-Manhattan (16 skyscrapers currently under construction) has bypassed almost completely the Wall Street financial district at the island's tip. Last week the Street, which has financed much of the uptown modernization, turned to do something about its own grimy buildings and dark canyons. Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman John J. McCloy announced tentative plans to construct a \$75,000,000 downtown Rockefeller Center type of development: a 50- to 60-story Chase Bank headquarters flanked by a broad, tree-lined plaza and a 1,000-car garage.

Chase Manhattan's new quarters, scheduled for possible 1958 completion, would consolidate under one roof 8,700 of the bank's personnel, now scattered over nine buildings, at "substantial savings in operating expenses." As its contribution to the area's rejuvenation, New York City plans to build near by a 5½-acre, 750-unit, middle-income housing project.

## RETAIL TRADE

### Retreat of the Fair Traders

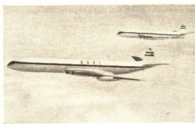
Defeat after defeat in the U.S. marketplace and in the courts rocked fair-trade pricing during the last year. Last week, fair-trade's retreat seemed about to turn into a rout.

The biggest blow came when the W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. gave up its long fight for price fixing, announced that it would sell to certain "large-volume retail outlets," i.e., discount houses. To police its prices, Sheaffer spent \$2 million over the past two years and lopped off some 700 dealers. But the cost was high; sales for the fiscal first half ending Aug. 31, 1955 were down 9.5% from 1954's comparable period, and earnings tumbled 35%.

Another blow came from the Michigan



GLOSTER JAVELIN



COMETS III & II



BRISTOL BRITANNIA



BRISTOL BRABAZON

For a lost fleet, millions.

Supreme Court. It reaffirmed an earlier ruling that a state fair-trade law could be enforced only against those retailers who had signed fair-trade agreements,\* thus touched off a wave of defections. Toastmaster division of McGraw Electric Co., a longtime staunch defender of price fixing, discontinued enforcement in Michigan, thus chose the course taken there by General Electric weeks earlier. By week's end Sunbeam Corp., which had never willingly permitted its products to be discounted, joined the surrender and canceled all its fair-trade contracts with Michigan retailers. The State Supreme Court's decision, said Sunbeam President R. P. Gwinn, "destroys the last remaining legal basis for an effective fair-trade price structure."

\* Courts in Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia and Virginia have handed down parallel decisions; three other states and the District of Columbia have no fair-trade laws.

## BUSINESS ABROAD

### Brochuremanship in Britain

With jets at thunder, a new de Havilland Comet III, successor to the ill-starred Comet I, took off from Hatfield, north of London last week and roared 11,440 miles to Sydney, Australia in record flying time: 24 hr. 23 min., for an average speed of about 475 m.p.h. All Britain hailed the flight as a national triumph. Crowded British Overseas Airways Corp. Chairman Sir Miles Thomas: "A magnificent achievement... Britain is maintaining her pre-eminence in the development of civil jet aviation." Sir Miles should have known better. Since the end of World War II, Britain's proud planemakers have claimed the sky for promising new planes, only to see one after another go down as galling and expensive flops. As a result, both Britain's military-plane program and its civilian transports are lagging far behind the U.S.

Last week, as the applause over the Comet showed, many were still playing what BOAC's Sir Miles himself once condemned as "the merry game of brochuremanship"—covering up basic deficiencies with torrents of pressagentry and hopeful prediction. Despite its good flight, the Comet III is but a prototype of a prototype that is to fly sometime in 1958, will be both slower, smaller and shorter in range than Douglas's DC-8 or Boeing's 707 jet transports.

**Bugs & Bugs.** The troubles of British aircraft are due primarily to inefficient planning, limited resources, inadequate research and development, slow and often outmoded production methods. Instead of carefully working up to advanced aircraft, British designers tried to make great leaps into supersonics, and crashed short of the mark. U.S. planemakers usually test every part of a new plane in metallurgical laboratories, wind tunnels, etc. before it flies. But British designers, partly because of a shortage of facilities, build a complete plane, skimp on pre-flight tests. On top of that, they generally build only one to three prototypes; thus when a bug is discovered, the entire test program must be halted until the fault is corrected. The U.S., on the other hand, builds prototypes in batches of ten or more.

Blame also rests on the civilian Ministry of Supply. Lacking expert knowledge of R.A.F. and airline needs, the supplymen frequently let political and economical considerations weigh too heavily. Beyond that, the planemakers themselves are slow to improve production methods, have antiquated plants, e.g., for a long time Vickers virtually hand-built its prize Viscount airliner (TIME, Jan. 3) in converted hangars.

**Hunter & Javelin.** As a result, the R.A.F. currently relies on U.S. F-86 Sabre jets for much of its first-line defense, while Britain's own planes have fallen victim of one slowdown after another. Items:

☐ The Supermarine Swift, designed by the builders of World War II's famed

# Wausau Story

By WALTER O'MEARA

author of "The Grand Portage," "The Spanish  
Bride"—novels of American frontier life.



"Wausau works hard, has accomplished much,"  
Mr. O'Meara with Carter Olson of Wausau's  
Curtis Companies, Inc.



"Most everyone heads for the duck blinds . . ." Mr. O'Meara at Wausau's Wisconsin River  
shores with Stan Schaller of Shepherd and Schaller Sporting Goods Store.

At heart, someone has said, there are only three kinds of people: sea people, hill people and woods people. The pity is, so few of us can follow our hearts. In Wausau, they do.

Before you've been there half an hour, you know which kind of folks they are in Wausau. They're "woods people"—no doubt about it! The Outdoors is big and very near here, and Wausau takes to the woods at the drop of a dry fly.

Enjoyment of the outdoors isn't just a week-end thing here in Wausau.

Many people commute from their cottages on the near-by lakes every day in summer. Many plants and offices (such as the Curtis Companies, Inc., which I visited) open early and close early, so everyone can give daily attention to trout pools, garden plots and golf courses.

Don't think that Wausau folks do nothing but enjoy their natural blessings. Wausau works hard, has accomplished much. Yet its people are relaxed and friendly. They've got time—and take it—to share their good life with others.

It's part of their nature—of the Wausau personality. It's what makes them such good people to do business with!

## Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with"

During the past two years many of our guest writers such as Mr. O'Meara have found there really is such a thing as a Wausau personality. It's a certain good way of doing business—which you'll find in each of our 90 offices throughout the country.

Employers Mutuals writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance (including

automobile), and is one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born in Wausau, which we hold to at all costs: Unexcelled service on claims and an accident prevention program that means lower insurance costs to our policyholders. For personal information, phone the office nearest to you or write to Wausau, Wisconsin.

## ... and good people to work for, too

It takes outstanding employees to make a company "good people to do business with." We have many such people—but as our business grows we need more—especially in our sales department. If you know someone who might be interested in career opportunities with Employers Mutuals nationwide sales organizations, have him write to us. His inquiry will receive personal attention.

Write to: C. E. Smith, Sales Manager, Employers Mutuals of Wausau, Wausau, Wisconsin.

## Employers Mutuals of Wausau





# The Arab and the Camel

His load was heavy and the camel dreaded the long trip ahead. Then, as he struggled to his feet, his Arab driver asked him if he'd rather take the road that went up or the one that went down.

A difficult decision, true. Uphill was always a hard pull. Downhill, the pack would constantly chafe at his back. But the camel had an answer.



"Since you've given me a choice," said the camel, "why don't we take the road across the plain instead?"

Which all goes to show, as Aesop used to say, that the heavily burdened naturally lean toward a level path.

That's why we do everything we can here at Merrill Lynch to smooth the way for investors.

For example, we'll be happy to take care of all your securities for you—send a carefully itemized statement each month showing just what you bought, just what you sold, just what you still have on hand.

We'll collect all your dividends, or the interest due on bonds—mail you a check or credit your account, as you prefer.

We'll keep you advised of rights, conversions, tenders—help you exercise them to best advantage.

Most importantly, we'll be glad to give you all the facts we can about any security... or we'll plan a sensible investment program for any specific sum... or we'll prepare a thorough-going analysis of your present holdings.

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Spitfire, was first ordered in 1950. So many troubles cropped up that four versions have been scrapped; a fifth has just been put into production only for reconnaissance.

¶ The Hawker Hunter, another fighter ordered in 1950, was plagued by many bugs, e.g., its engine surged or stalled at high altitude when the guns were fired. It is now the R.A.F.'s exclusive day fighter, but is no match for the newest Russian and U.S. supersonic fighters.

¶ The Gloster Javelin, first projected in the late 1940s as a delta-wing, all-weather fighter, was so full of troubles that it will only come into general service next spring. But the fourth crash of a Javelin, last week, will probably put back the timetable once more.

"Fly British." On the transport side, Britain has spent upwards of \$70 million on a lost fleet since 1941. At first, plane-makers laid their plans around huge flying boats ideal for empire routes, where long runways and well-equipped airfields were few and far between, ordered four models, including a gigantic, ten-engined Saunders-Roe Princess flying boat at a cost of some \$22 million. As it turned out, big airfields were built in virtually every corner of the world during World War II, thus making Great Britain's flying boats obsolete.

The Comet disasters cost Britain upwards of \$30 million. Another plane—the Bristol Brabazon—was designed to carry 100 passengers enroute across the Atlantic, but it turned into a Rube Goldberg nightmare. Four other big airliners—the Armstrong Whitworth Apollo turboprop, the Handley Page Hermes, the Avro Tudor and the \$6.4 million Vickers 1000—also had little success and were scrapped.

**Viscounts & Growth.** Britain has had some successes. The Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire jet engine is so good that Curtiss-Wright makes it in the U.S. under license. The new Rolls-Royce Conway by-pass jet engine, in which part of the air is passed around the combustion chambers directly into the tail cone, thus producing greater, more economical thrust, is highly praised by U.S. engineers. The Vickers Viscount airliner now flying on U.S. air routes has done so well that some 240 have been sold. Vickers is currently working on a bigger model called the Vanguard. BOAC hopes to put the Bristol Britannia, a four-engined turboprop, in service across the Atlantic by 1957, fly the ocean non-stop at 400 m.p.h.

With limited resources, British plane-makers are finally learning that they cannot compete all along the line with a variety of different designs, must concentrate on fewer types of planes, spend more on development and research. Says Supply Minister Reginald Maudling, currently on a tour of the U.S. and Canada, studying weapons research and procurement systems: "The British aviation industry will concentrate on developing its known successes. There seems to me to be a lot of room for the aircraft industries of both countries if we proceed in friendly rivalry."

## PERSONNEL

### Pat & Bob

In his two years as president of the National Broadcasting Co., eueptic Sylvester L. ("Pat") Weaver made the newspapers almost as often as NBC's program timetables. He pushed the so-called "magazine concept" of selling TV ad time to several sponsors per show, popularized the hour-and-a-half "spectacular" program, thought up NBC's *Wide, Wide World* and long-winded *Monitor*. But all this was not entirely to the liking of David Sarnoff, 64, board chairman of NBC's parent company, Radio Corp. of America. Madison Avenue gossiped that Pat Weaver was getting too much personal publicity—and at a bad time: NBC's share of the TV business and ratings were dropping. In November, for the first time in TV history, NBC failed to place a single TV



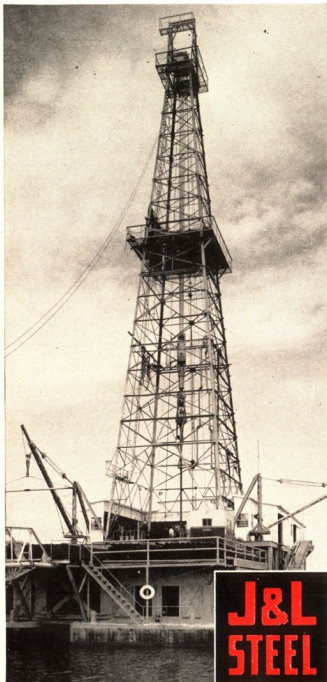
NBC's SARNOFF & WEAVER  
Same channel, different stations.

show in the top ten Trendex ratings (TIME, Nov. 28).

Last week David Sarnoff announced that Weaver would move up to board chairman, with a new ten-year contract and a salary raise, to "free him for the creative and imaginative end of the business" while "Bob" will be carrying on the day-to-day operations, and planning ahead.

"Bob" is Sarnoff's son, Robert W., 37. The change apparently made Bob NBC's chief executive officer, the position that Weaver had once had. A native of Manhattan and a Harvard graduate ('39), Bob Sarnoff started to learn broadcasting as a Navy communications officer, later worked for the Des Moines *Register* and *Look* magazine, before he joined NBC as a time salesman in 1948. He proved a good salesman and capable administrator, was moved up to NBC vice president in 1951 and executive vice president in 1953. Said the elder Sarnoff last week: "I am confident that, under the continued leadership of Pat and Bob, NBC will achieve even greater heights of success."

# WORLD'S DEEPEST OIL WELL!



Richardson & Bass Drilling Rig No. 25 at well known as Richardson & Bass (Louisiana Account)—John W. Mecom—Freeport Sulphur Company—Humble-Louisiana Land & Exploration—State Lease 2414, No. 1-L. Rig and boilers are mounted on two huge barges sunk to bottom of marsh to provide firm foundation for operations.

Record depth of over four miles

attained in Richardson & Bass

Louisiana Well using J&L Drill Pipe

and J&L Wire Rope exclusively

Wednesday, November 9, 1955, marked another milestone in the spectacular history of the oil industry. On that day, Richardson & Bass and their associates in this enterprise, John W. Mecom and Freeport Sulphur Company, broke the world's record for deep drilling in their well in Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana, 35 miles southeast of New Orleans.

This well, now more than four miles deep, has penetrated the earth to depths never before explored. Pressures are being encountered to which drill pipe never before has been subjected.

In discussing this new world's record well, J. E. (Ed) Hill, General Manager of Richardson & Bass Drilling and Producing Interests, said: "This well has been drilled from the surface to its total depth without a single pipe failure, a tribute both to the skill of the drilling crews, and to the quality of the pipe used."

Every foot of the drill pipe in the well is J&L Drill Pipe. To a depth of 13,655 feet, J&L Blue Ribbon Drill Pipe was used. From that point to the bottom, the string was replaced with J&L Blue Ribbon Vanadium Drill Pipe. Every foot of the wire rope which supports the entire four mile string of drill pipe is J&L Permaset Wire Rope. Hundreds of tons of J&L Casing have been set in the well, with additional hundreds of tons standing by for use when the well is completed.

To provide the high strengths needed in oil country tubular products for today's deep well drilling, J&L developed and has in operation extensive new finishing facilities—facilities which are already being expanded to keep pace with the oil industry's growing needs.

## **Interesting facts about world's deepest well**

(As of November 28, 1955)

Total depth 22,209 ft., nearly  $4\frac{1}{4}$  miles, equal to height of 15 Empire State Buildings . . . previous record depth 21,482 ft. . . drilling began February 26, 1955 . . . total drilling time 205 days . . . total testing time 71 days . . . total elapsed time 276 days . . . bottom hole pressure 20,650 lbs. per sq. inch . . . bottom hole temperature 350° F. . . time required to pull entire string of drill pipe to surface, replace bit and reset pipe is about 11 hours . . . stretch in drill pipe at extreme depth is about 20 feet . . . total cost of well estimated at between \$1  $\frac{3}{4}$  and \$2 million.

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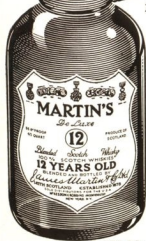
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Whiskies

20 years old  
86.8 proof



12 years old  
86.8  
proof



### Newsreel

More than 15 million moviegoers in 6,500 U.S. theaters cast votes at the end of November to choose their own film favorites in the first Audience Awards election. Winners of the gold-plated Audie, first cousin to the Oscar: best actor, the late James (*East of Eden*) Dean; best actress, Jennifer (*Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*) Jones; most promising new personalities (actor and actress), Tab (*Battle Cry*, *Track of the Cat*) Hunter and Peggy (*Pete Kelly's Blues*) Lee; best movie, Warner Bros.' *Mr. Roberts*.

Sitting as an appeals board in New York, presidents of the major movie companies upheld the Hollywood Production Code Administration and refused to give United Artists a code seal for Otto Preminger's *The Man with the Golden Arm* because the movie deals with the taboo subject of dope addiction. U.A. promptly quit the Motion Picture Association of America, which administers the code, went ahead with plans to release the movie, starring Frank Sinatra, in Manhattan this week, had high hopes that, like Preminger's *The Moon Is Blue*, also released without a code seal, it will make a killing at the box office.

In Hollywood, while Wladzui Valentino Liberace was explaining why his movie, *Sincerely Yours*, was a box-office bust ("high admissions"), Humphrey Bogart was explaining why his latest movie, *The Desperate Hours*, was not a box-office bonanza: "Maybe it was because of the dignity label on the film—they didn't let people know it was a gangster film. Maybe it's because of momism these days, and no one cares if pop is in danger of having his head bashed in."

### Love on the Two-Year Plan

Ever since movies were first produced in the Soviet Union, their main points have been lifted from the party line. "Down with bourgeois decadence!" cried the hero, and the heroine cried back, "Long live collective farms and the Five-Year Plan!" But a couple of new notes have recently crept into Soviet movies. One is love, another material success.

The long-live-love note was struck this month in Paris when the Russians showed seven of their latest and best films at three Paris theaters to celebrate Soviet Film Week. The purpose: to show Soviet film wares in a Paris showcase and put Russian movies back in the world market.

On opening night, with the French interested in a film-exchange deal, the week got an impressive official send-off. The plush Normandie Theatre on the Champs Elysées was flanked by rows of Gardes Républicains in scarlet-trimmed uniforms. The band blared the *Marseillaise* and the *Internationale*, and into the theater flocked French and Russian officials with a cluster of bejeweled Soviet film stars who were long on furs and high on necklines.



TAB HUNTER  
A cousin for Oscar.

International

The best of the Soviet offerings was *The Cicada* (Mosfilm), an adaptation of a Chekhov story. It is a relentless dissection of a frivolous woman with delusions of culture, and of the effete salon riffraff that surrounded her in the days of the Czar. For the days of the commissars, the Soviets did less well, e.g., *An Unfinished Novel* (Lenfilm), in which all the resources of Soviet medicine fail to cure a paralyzed engineer, but when the girl doctor of his dreams rushes to his bedside in the last reel, he walks again.

A realistic desire to lift their production from about 40 movies a year to 150 in the next two years has forced Russian moviemakers to bend the party line.

### "World's Greatest Actress"

The *Rose Tattoo* (Hal Wallis: Paramount), like the Tennessee Williams play from which it is adapted, is less a show, in a dramatic sense, than a sideshow—a gathrum of Pitchman Williams' less peculiar freaks. The principal exhibit is Serafina Delle Rose (Anna Magnani), a hearty peasant wench transplanted from Sicily to the Gulf Coast. Since the death of her husband, a small-time smuggler, she has turned into a sort of moral worm crawling in and out of his memory. She keeps his ashes in a gimcrack vase in their shanty parlor, and has long, sweaty daydreams about his body ("like a young bull"). "I was the peasant," she cries, "but I gave my husband glory."

One day reality in the improbable form of Alvaro Mangiacavallo (Burt Lancaster), "a bachelor wit" three dependents, breaks into Serafina's dank little dream-world. Like the smuggler, he drives a truck, and has a rose tattooed on his brawny chest, which reminds Serafina almost unbearably of her husband's. Hard





# WATER

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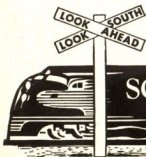
FINDING adequate, dependable water for industrial use is one thing. Finding such a source of water supply in a location that completely meets all your other plant site requirements as well is something else again.

That's where the South has the edge over less favored industrial regions. So many water-abundant areas in the Southland offer countless *additional* advantages for industry.

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## I TALKED BACK TO MY BOSS AND GOT \$1,500

By a Wall Street  
Journal Subscriber

I did it in a nice way, of course. He tried to tell me I was wrong. "You're talking through your hat!" he said.

But I had the facts. I had been reading *The Wall Street Journal*. At first he raised his eyebrows. Later he raised my pay (by \$1,500). And a few weeks ago he put my desk near his. "I like to have people around me who know things," he said.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$7,000 to \$20,000 a year. To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the U.S., The Journal is printed daily in four cities—New York, Chicago, Dallas and San Francisco.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$20 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$6. Just send this ad with check for \$6. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y. TM12-19



ANNA MAGNANI & BURT LANCASTER  
"I could have become a great criminal."

facts as well as a new set of hard muscles break the husband's deadlock on her affections—it turns out he had been keeping a girl (Virginia Grey) on the side.

Like all but the greatest grotesques, *The Rose Tattoo* sets out so furiously to heighten the flavors of reality that the meat of the thing is soon lost in its seasoning; and only a moviegoer who can take his *peperone* straight will be able to judge if the picture is really hot stuff. Burt Lancaster, however, makes a brave try at a part somewhat beyond the means of his talent, and manages at least to convince the spectator that half an oaf is better than none. As for Anna, nothing like her kind of corset farce has come out of Hollywood since the late Marie Dressler delicately tucked a pint of hooch in her grandmotherly bosom. One moment Actress Magnani comes lurching on-camera as shapeless as a burlap bag full of cantaloupes; the next she is sleazebag through the dusk in black lace with the toothsome glitter of a backstreet-walker in Naples. And she battles her way into a girdle of yesteryear with all the fury and desperation of the Royal Welch Fusiliers at Bunker Hill, somehow imparting to her defeat some of the sorrowful majesty of a historical debacle.

U.S. dramatists might take instruction from the plight of playwright Williams, the tiger of Broadway. Magnani, as a result of this picture, will probably become a very hot item in U.S. show business, and she is the sort of lady who, if not closely watched, comes back from the ride with the tiger inside.

A guest at a chichi Hollywood hotel stood blinking one recent day at a scratchy note that had just been shoved underneath the door of his suite. "Please

don't use the bathroom in the mornings," it read. "You are disturbing the world's greatest actress." He asked the manager what the message meant. It meant, he was informed, that Italy's Anna Magnani had come to Hollywood.

The most explosive emotional actress of her generation had, in fact, erupted over filmland and was filling the vicinity with temperamental lava, flaming ash and general consternation. Soon after her arrival in the U.S., Magnani banished the TV set from her hotel room and ordered a grand piano, on which she battered tempestuously when the mood was on her. Bored with the chef's chef-d'oeuvres, she was seen marching up to her suite with \$50 worth of groceries in tow. She gave interviews from her bed, her hair like a black dustmop, her bag-rimmed eyes like the burning tips of cigars. Sometimes she actually lit up a small cigar and slunk about the room, her Magnanimous bosom heaving like a passionate surf as she flung out a flood of Italian. When informed that her first U.S. picture would be shown on widescreen, Magnani publicly sneered: "Poof! Widescreen!" When TV came with opulent offers, she recoiled: "Weel I have to hold a bowl of cereal een my hand?"

Anna Magnani had sharpened her passions on a flinty fate. She was born about 47 years ago and brought up on the wrong side of the Tiber. Her mother was a working girl and her father did a fade when Anna was a month old. At 17, she won admission to a dramatic school, and soon joined a rundown roadshow as a singer of *stornelli*, the street songs of a country where the streets are seldom cleaned.

The movies caught her up in the mid-'30s, and in the next ten years she made

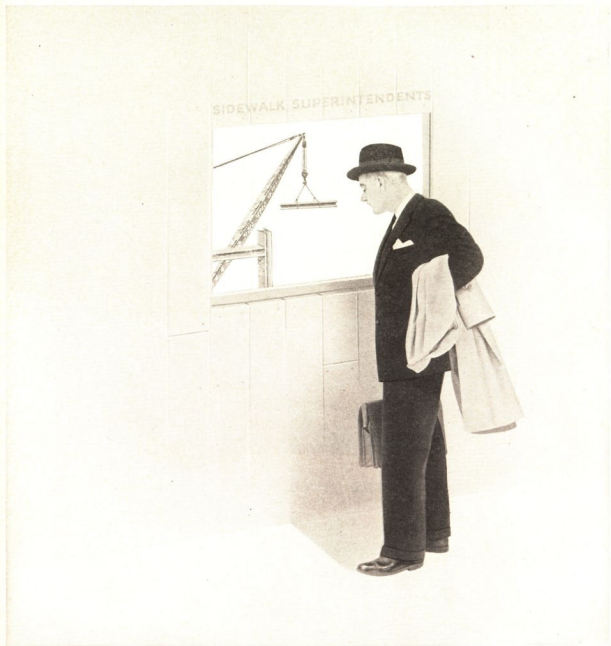


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*He thinks* he's going to his office — as usual. But at this minute his office is a roaring mass of flames! Before he arrives it will be completely gutted!

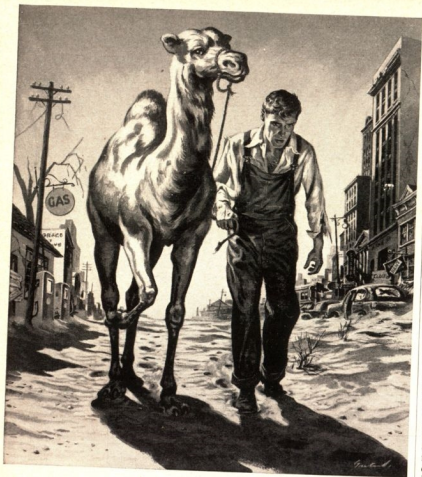
Fire Insurance? Sure — well covered. But that fire's going to put him out of business! You see he never knew that nearly half of all businesses that *lose their records* to fire never reopen their doors! Worse still, he didn't realize how securely (and economically) vital records

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CAST IRON

about a dozen pictures—all of them bad, most of them popular, some of them good experience. By 1944, when Roberto Rossellini offered her the lead in *Open City*, Magnani had developed a style that was to set the acting fashion in Italy from that day to this. She called it *realismo*, and overnight the narrow highways and byways of Italy were crowded with "Magnanini," who frumped their hair down over their eyes, ripped a few strategic seams in their cheap cotton prints, and generally made a sensual virtue of post-war economic necessity.

Magnani, however, was much more than a manner. What she seemed she was: an earthy, emotional Eve with lusty appetites. Her private life was a steaming confusion. In 1935 she married Goffredo Alessandrini, a movie director. One day she trailed him to a rendezvous with another woman, hinted her displeasure by ramming her car into his. They were separated. Anna loves her son Luca, now 13 and stricken with polio, with a fierce protective passion that motivates much of her acting. She is grimly determined to leave him rich when she dies, and she probably will: under the soft schedule of Italian taxes, her take-home pay over the last ten years has been tremendous.

For several years in the '40s Anna kept company with Director Roberto Rossellini, and the incidental breakage was impressive. Crockery flew and so did curses, frequently in public. Once, when Roberto displeased her, Anna cleared a restaurant table with one queenly swipe of her forearm. When he left her for Ingrid Bergman, Magnani sulked in her flat. "I am a desperate woman," she announced. "When I suffer, I must suffer until my heart breaks." Nevertheless, Anna quickly sublimated sorrow into art. What another actress must grasp with her intelligence, Magnani has in her blood. "Myself," she says, "I have so much boiling inside, I had to become an actress. If I had not, I think I could have become a great criminal."

## CURRENT & CHOICE

**Diabolique.** A wonderful little horror comic in French—with a moral: you can lead a corpse to water, but you can't make it sink (TIME, Dec. 5).

**Guys and Dolls.** Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine in Samuel Goldwyn's \$5,000,000 musical. It's a beaut, but Sam made the prints too long (TIME, Nov. 14).

**The Big Knife.** Clifford Odets gums away at some sour grapes, and spits the seeds at Hollywood; with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino (TIME, Oct. 24).

**The Desperate Hours.** A man's home is his prison in the thriller-diller of the season; with Fredric March, Humphrey Bogart (TIME, Oct. 10).

**Trial.** A termite's-eye view of how U.S. Communists bore a worthy cause from within; with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy (TIME, Oct. 3).

**It's Always Fair Weather.** A gloved kid of TV; with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (TIME, Sept. 5).

TIME, DECEMBER 19, 1955

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An interesting diversity of products? It just hints at the variety turned out by the seven Allied Chemical Divisions.

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## BOOKS

### A Splendid Saga

A MORMON CHRONICLE: THE DIARIES OF JOHN D. LEE (1848-1876)—Edited by Robert Glass Cleland & Juanita Brooks—Two volumes (824 pp.)—The Huntington Library (\$15).

John D. Lee was so bad at spelling that he called his diary his "Diarhea." This makes no odds, because by any other name Lee's *Diaries* would still remain one of the most extraordinary documents ever written by an American.

This fact has not been recognized before simply because Lee's *Diaries* have never been published, except for short bits. California's Huntington Library acquired the manuscripts in 1929 from the descendants of the man to whom Lee gave it a few days before his death. Edited and footnoted with care and devotion (but indifferently indexed), the *Diaries* are unquestionably an important historical find.

**Utah & the Saints.** John D. Lee was born at Kaskaskia, Ill., in 1812. His background was Roman Catholic, but in 1838 he became a Mormon and was adopted as a "foster-son" by Brigham Young himself. Lee recognized and obeyed only two superiors—God Almighty and Brigham Young. If these two seemed to differ, then Lee went along with Young as the man who knew more than God about Utah and politics. So when the Mormons decided to press southward to establish new cities and expand the Kingdom of the Saints, Young made Lee one of the principal leaders of the expedition. And Lee knew exactly what his duty was. He was to be fruitful and multiply, so that the hosts of Mormon might cover the face of the earth. Helped (according to the best estimates) by 19 wives, Lee obeyed—to the extent of some 65 children, plus uncounted adoptions and conversions.

Lee "carried from 2 to 3 colts Revolvers" and knew how to use them. He was a wagoner, a cobbler, a woodsman, a cattle breeder, a farmer, a doctor of sorts who could perform a "suicide operation," an impassioned preacher, a shrewd businessman, a layer-on of hands, a seer of fascinating visions. He was one of the toughest men that ever walked, but the Indians (who ate out of his hand) named him Yawgawts, which means Cry-Baby (Lee himself preferred to render it "Man of Tender Passions"), and his foster-father once exhorted him, saying: "I want you to be a Man & not a Baby." Was there in Lee's devotion something soft, visible only to canny captains and savages? There seems to have been—and tragedy was destined to be born from it.

**Houses & Habitations.** For many years, all went well with John D. Lee. His *Diaries* begin with the famed westward march of the "Camp of Israel" to the Great Salt Lake—a moving mass of covered wagons, horses, mules, cows and oxen rolling over the "dusty and very hot" trails. He records the daily search for precious pasture

and fresh "watter," the inevitable fevers, pains, accidents, deaths and childbirths. Throughout, imbuing the earthiest, coarsest things with the highest spiritual ardor, run the passionate preachings of the "Apostles."

At Harmony, in southern Utah, John D. Lee performed such prodigies of farming and building that within a few years he was patriarch of a mighty family numbering some 50 souls. Patriarch Isaac Morley exclaimed: "Why, Bro. Lee . . . You have Houses & Habitations, Flocks & Heards, wives & children in every direction. I Marvel when I see what the Lord has accomplished through you."

**Wives & Bishops.** Most of Lee's wives lived with him in Harmony, where his children required a school all to themselves. But soon he had well-stocked



Bettmann Archive

PIONEER LEE

One of the toughest crybabies of all.

homes, each headed by a trusty wife or two, in several other settlements. He did his rounds of them regularly and earnestly. But he took care never to ask his wives' advice, for Brigham Young had forbidden it, saying roundly: "All their council & wisdom . . . don't weigh as much with me as the weight of a Fly Tird. Excuse me for my vulgarity . . ." Lee was kinder and more considerate than his leader. His pen portraits of his wives are among his most vivid.

¶ Wife No. 1, Aggatha Ann,\* marched beside him for 33 years. In 1866 she fell ill, and as "Mortification" set in, Lee "watched with her all Night, lifting & turning her in Bed about every 5 minits." As in an Old Testament tale, the huge family assembles at the deathbed to hear

\* Lee later married Aggatha Ann's two sisters and finally their widowed mother, "for her soul's sake."

the dying injunction, while son Joseph rides to the mountain for a "Bucket of Snow" to cool his mother's lips. Meanwhile, "the Lumber previously dressed up" stands ready for the coffin—for this is a pioneer story in which prayer and practicality are never far apart.

¶ Wife No. 17, Emma Batchellor ("a more kind-hearted, industrious, & affectionate wife I never had"), is the nearest thing to a riot in all the *Diaries*. Emma did not wait for Lee to propose, but flatly "said that I on first site was the object of her Choice." Emma poured kettlefuls of hot water on one of her husband's enemies and scratched his face until it was "a gore of Blood."

When scandalized Bishop Pace commanded that Emma be "re-baptized" to atone for such conduct, "Emma asked the prevelage of choice in the man to Baptise her. The Bishop granted it. She says, I am much obliged. I demand Baptism at your hands, seeing that you are so inconsiderate as to require a woman to be immersed when the water is full of snow and Ice . . . Perhaps if your back side gets wet in Ice water you will be more careful how you decide again. The majority of the People said, Stick him to it, Emma, it is but Just. But the Bishop made an Excuse to go . . . & got out of it."

**Bull & Scapagoat.** In the last years of his life, Lee needed Emma's sort of staunchness. Although these diaries do not contain his account of it, Lee had taken part in the brutal Mountain Meadows Massacre of 1857, when more than a hundred "Gentile" men, women and children were ruthlessly killed by a troop of Mormons. The Civil War interrupted the Federal Government's prosecution of the case, involving 36 suspects, and by the time the war was over, the Government was ready to compromise and accept one Mormon head in token payment. Brigham Young chose Lee. In 1870, Lee was excommunicated from the Mormon Church. Insulted with impunity, he still kept his chin up, and when Bishop Rounty "shook hands & said, You are [now] as Rough as an old Grisley, I replied . . . Every Dog will have his day & a Bitch two afterwards . . . Now is your day. By & By it will be my day." But in 1876, 19 years after the massacre, Lee was tried before an all-Mormon jury and in 1877 was executed by a firing squad. When, before his trial, he had difficulty chewing a tough bit of penitentiary steak, he wrote a few very lines both to himself and the animal from whom the steak was cut:

*Old Mormon Bull, how come you here?  
we have tugged & toiled these many  
years,  
we have been cuffed & kicked with sore  
abuse  
and now sent here for penitentiary use.  
We both are creatures of Some Note.  
You are food for Pri[s]oners  
and I the scape[goat].*

It is easy to see why these *Diaries* have lain so long like buried treasure. They tell a story that must still be painful to Mormon pride; they dig up terrible incidents

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that many would rather forget. And yet, thanks to the quality that was in John D. Lee, and thanks to the healing march of time, no American can read these *Diaries* without thrilling to the roughhewn courage and tenacity that is written in every page of them.

### Exotic Marshmallow

KUMARI (287 pp.)—William Buchan—Morrow (\$3.50).

With this novel of romance and intrigue, the second son of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, more widely known as John (*The 39 Steps*) Buchan, takes his own first fictional step. Buchan *filis* proves that like Buchan *père* he can turn a marshmallow-weight tale until it is neatly toasted. The setting is India; the set is *burra sahib*; the time is mainly the '30s; the season is boredom. But at least two men and one woman think there is more to India than what can be seen through the bottom of a gin-sling glass.

Henry Greenwood, head of a kind of latter-day British East India Company, is in a running fight with his fellow officers to liberalize the company's treatment of its Hindu employees. Armin Wensley is a multilingual young Foreign Office expert bent on improving Anglo-Indian understanding. Laura Johnston is a ravishing brunette who prefers Armin to her busy Blimp of a husband.

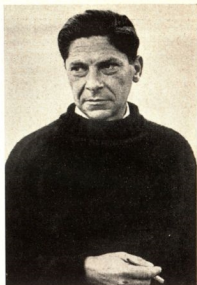
Author Buchan is not one to break up an erotic clinch, but amusing traces of British practicality crop up in the lovers' dialogue ("Oh Armin, you've covered me up! You are kind!" "I was afraid you might catch a chill," he said.") The husband soon puts a deep chill on the whole affair by taking Laura back to England. But where romance leaves off, intrigue begins. Greenwood, for whom Armin has gone to work, builds himself a kind of Shangri-La up on a hill, and turns it into a finishing school for a lovely sun-kissed Hindu teen-ager named Kumari. Race-conscious troublemakers start spreading ugly rumors. What happens to Greenwood and who gets Kumari makes for a skin-prickling ending that will either have readers biting their nails or sharpening them on the throat of any kill-joy who gives it away.

### Care & Feeding of Dinosaurs

THE TRAIL OF THE DINOSAUR (253 pp.)—Arthur Koestler—Macmillan (\$3.50).

In a London club not long ago, a doddering ancient buttonholed an odd-looking chap, said to have once been a Hungarian, of all things, who had just written something or other against Communism. "Well, young man, I am glad that at last you have come round to see reason," sniffled the old member. "I myself knew 25 years ago what Bolshevism means, and it's never too late to repent."

The younger character was Arthur Koestler, now 50, and he found the old man's attitude highly irritating. U.S. readers who, unlike Arthur Koestler, have never been Communists, may share the



AUTHOR KOESTLER

"Pray for time and play for time."

old gentleman's complacency; but if they do, they will be missing a bet from one of the world's liveliest intellectual tipsters.

**The Unpopular Side.** Like Socrates, Koestler is a man with the disconcerting habit of following arguments where they lead. This latest collection of his essays (more notable: *The Yogi and the Commissar*) reveals that Koestler is still looking for an adjudicator in the long debate in which, as in *The Right to Say No*, he habitually takes the con. People pro-anything get short shrift from Con-Man Koestler. Yet Americans should find themselves stimulated by this tough controversialist. Some examples of Koestler's talent for taking the unpopular side of an argument:

¶ In *Judah at the Crossroads*, he tries to close his accounts with Zionism with the advice that Jews should either go to Israel or renounce their religion and stop praying. "Next year in Jerusalem." ¶ "The mission of the Wandering Jew is completed . . . There must be an end to every calvary." ¶ For his "apostasy," Koestler—born a Jew in Hungary—was called an anti-Semite in Britain's *Jewish Chronicle*, where his argument also appeared.

¶ In *Chambers, the Villain*, he pours irresistible common sense on the woozled thinking of those who argue that Alger Hiss may have been guilty, but still scorn Whittaker Chambers as an "informant." Says Koestler: "To talk of betrayal [by Chambers of Hiss] where loyalty would mean persistence in crime [is] to defend the agents of an evil regime on the grounds that those who denounce it are no saints."

¶ *The Seven Deadly Fallacies* (e.g., confusion of Left and East, the anti-anti attitude) and a brilliant *Guide to Political Neuroses* (e.g., collective amnesia, eternal

✻ The traditional toast at the end of the Passover meal.



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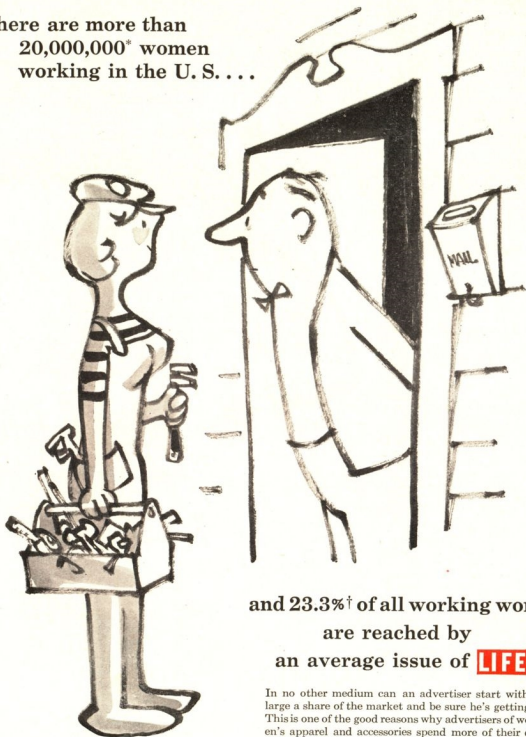
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\*Joint report by Depts. of Labor & Commerce, August 1955.

†Based on: *A Study of Four Media*, by Alfred Politz Research, Inc.

adolescence) are probably his most valuable essays—and most highly calculated to inflict flesh wounds on those odd fellows who, sometimes without knowing it, still travel with the fellow travelers.

**Goodbye, Cassandra.** Koestler's main theme: the big issues that agitated intellectuals for two generations—right v. left, capitalism v. socialism—have today become less relevant than they were. The great issue now, as any man of reason must see it, says Koestler, is relative freedom v. absolute tyranny. As for the notion cherished by the left that private property is the chief obstacle to human progress and brotherhood, this has in fact been answered by the Soviet Union, which has set up in the name of socialism a more hypocritical and merciless tyranny than any state in history could match, lie for lie, bludgeon for bludgeon. Yet this is a fact which, as Koestler admits, his fellow intellectuals in Europe have still not swallowed.

If they ever learn their lesson, it will not be from Arthur Koestler. He has had it. Says Koestler: "This . . . is a farewell to arms . . . I have said all I had to say on these questions [that have] obsessed me, in various ways, for the best part of a quarter century. Now the errors are atoned for, the bitter passion has burnt itself out; Cassandra has gone hoarse, and is due for a vocational change."

As to what the vocational change might be, for a man who is proud that his books have been burned behind him, the reader must guess. And who is the dinosaur of the book's title? It is man—especially, perhaps, old humanistic liberal man—who is due either for a mutation of species or extinction. Says Koestler: "Once we hoped for Utopia; now, in a chastened mood, we can at best hope for a reprieve; pray for time and play for time; for had the dinosaur learnt the art of prayer, the only sensible petition for him would have been to go down on his scaly knees and beg, 'Lord, give me another chance.'"

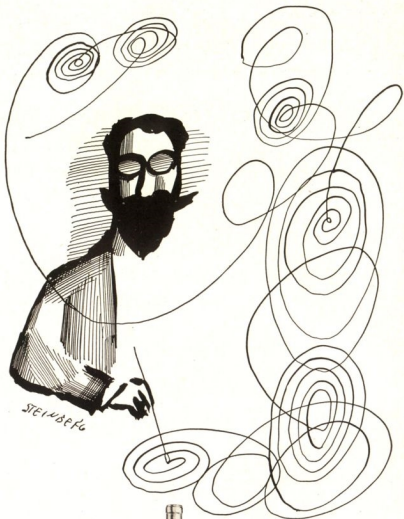
### Good for Giving

Were it not for the Christmas spirit, U.S. publishing would be a far less prosperous enterprise than it is. This year the trade is ready once again for the growing number of people whose gift problems seem to be most easily resolved by handsome, outsize volumes, preferably loaded with pictures. A sampling of the current product:

**A CURRIER & IVES TREASURY**, edited by Colin Simkin (Crown; \$10), contains 80 prints in color, generous in size (10 in. by 14 in.), and calculated to hasten the pulse of anyone devoted to forthright Americana.

**THE SELECTIVE EYE**, edited by Georges and Rosamond Bernier (193 pp.; Random House; \$7.95), presents material from France's outstanding art magazine *L'Oeil* (The Eye) and ranges over world art, past and present. The articles are illuminating, the painting, sculpture and photographs are beautifully reproduced.

**HENRY'S WONDERFUL MODEL T**, by Floyd Clymer (219 pp.; McGraw-Hill;



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\$5.95), and *Tin Lizzie*, by Philip Van Doren Stern (180 pp.; Simon & Schuster; \$3.95), celebrate the rugged lifetime (1908-27) of that noble and uncommon carrier, the Model T Ford. The splendid pictures and authoritative text are guaranteed to bring out the old nostalgia.

*Cosmopolitan World Atlas* (Rand McNally; \$13.95) is a fine new atlas chockful of up-to-the-minute information about every quarter of the globe.

*The Illustrated Treasury of Children's Literature*, edited by Margaret E. Martignoni (512 pp.; Grosset & Dunlap; \$4.95), is the year's bargain in children's books, a fat, discriminating collection of writing from Beatrix Potter to Phyllis McGinley, and illustrations by such immortals as Kate Greenaway, Arthur Rackham, Palmer Cox and others nearly as good. If there really is a comic-book menace abroad, this book is much the best way to cope with it.

*The Look of the Old West*, by Foster-Harris (301 pp.; Viking; \$7.50), may be the closest look of all during a year especially rich in books on the subject. Practically a how-to-do-it of western life, its drawings illustrate everything from saloon cuspidors to the Deadwood stagecoach.

*A Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols*, edited by Henry W. Simon (242 pp.; Houghton Mifflin; \$4.95), brings together in words and music the old British and U.S. favorites, a pleasing selection from foreign countries, and songs for children.

*Civil War in Pictures*, by Fletcher Pratt (256 pp.; Holt; \$10), systematically works a vein that the Civil War industry, publishing division, has often pecked at before. The drawings especially still have an attraction, mostly gruesome, that is hard to resist.

*The Book of the Mountains*, edited by A. C. Spector (492 pp.; Appleton-Century-Crofts; \$10), might seem to leave ex-Exurbanite Author Spector (TIME, Nov. 7) hanging over a crevasse after the year's avalanche of good books on mountaineering. In fact, though, this is an attractive anthology of writing about mountains and mountain people, with generally good drawings and photographs.

*Mammals of the World*, by François Bourlière (223 pp.; Knopf; \$12.50), and *LIVING MAMMALS OF THE WORLD*, by Ivan T. Sanderson (303 pp.; Hanover House; \$9.95), are excellent introductions to the world's animal life, the first perhaps more scholarly, the second more readable and rich in color photographs.

*The Reptile World*, by Clifford H. Pope (325 pp.; Knopf; \$7.50). Snakes, lizards, crocodiles and such are really handsome creatures for those who can stand a close look.

*Town Hall Tonight*, by Harlowe Randall Hoyt (292 pp.; Prentice-Hall; \$7.50), is a somewhat casual and bluntly nostalgic backward look at the small-town theater of the '80s and '90s, when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Old Homestead* were sure to extract their quota of tears. The illustrations are of appropriate comeliness.

## He brought snow to New Guinea



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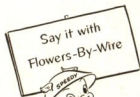
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## MISCELLANY

**Smoker's Hack.** In Knoxville, Tenn., Golden Gibson, 43, reached absent-mindedly for a cigarette, stuck a two-inch firecracker in his mouth and lit it, announced from his hospital bed that he had decided to give up smoking.

**Do As I Say.** In Berlin, Conn., after he was flagged down by a cop for illegal passing on the right, Motorist William H. Veale commented: "This is embarrassing," produced a card in traffic court identifying himself as secretary of the Connecticut League for Law Enforcement.

**Mating Call.** In Kansas City, Mo., David R. Worman loaded his .22 rifle, fired several bullets into the wall, explained when police burst in on him: "I was lonely."

**Dum Da Dum Dum.** In Los Angeles, policemen closed in on Richard Sauer in the Citizens National Bank, caught him with a note demanding "all your fives and tens," hauled him off to jail after confiscating his toy badge and his plastic pistol labeled "Dragnet."

**The Sitter.** In Sydney, Australia, convicted of living off the earnings of his prostitute wife, Colin Lindsay, 23, explained testily in central court that he could not work because he had to stay home and mind the baby.

**Protective Coloration.** In Lillington, N.C., defending himself at his trial for drunkenness, County Recorder's Court Solicitor Neill Ross pointed out that his accusers were doubtless misled by the fact that his face was "normally red."

**On Balance.** In Pittsburgh, after George Shook, 32, pleaded guilty to robbing Grocer Norman F. Krell of \$55 at gunpoint, Krell persuaded Judge Walter P. Smart to put Shook on probation because, "He's still one of my best customers."

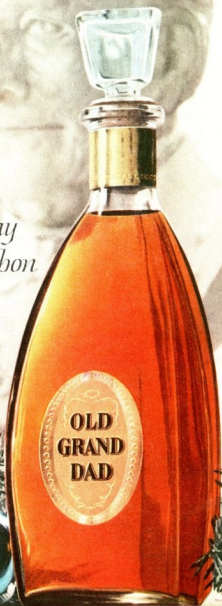
**Fair-Weather Friends.** In Detroit, Motorist Lawrence D. McDermott had his license suspended for six months and was fined \$100 despite his explanation that when he crashed into a parked police cruiser he was too busy bragging to a passenger about "the good police protection we have in Detroit" to notice where he was going.

**Out of Sight.** In Memphis, after finishing his second pint of gin, Huel Jones accused his wife of hiding the third pint, wounded her in the side with a .22, ruefully told police: "She never hid that gin; I forgot I already drank it."

**Sophist.** In Minneapolis, after he was ticketed for parking in a truck zone, Motorist Andy Veres argued in traffic court that he was only half guilty since part of his car projected into a legal parking area, persuaded Judge Tom Bergin to cut his \$5 fine to \$2.

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